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ALL that is known about the internal condition of Germany and Austria-Hungary lends plausibility to the current rumors of the submission by the German government during the next few weeks of a basis for peace negotiation more definite and consequently more serious than any which has yet been proposed. It is practically obliged to submit such a proposal, because unless it can succeed in convincing the German people, as it has not yet done, of the impossibility of negotiating a treaty of peace which is compatible with their future safety, it will have to reckon with an increasing flood of popular discontent. The German government will, consequently, aim to submit proposals which the Allies cannot reject without stiffening the fighting temper of the German nation, so that if the attempt fails, as it almost certainly will, the result will be an improved morale in Germany and possibly an impaired morale among its widely diversified enemies. Such in general is the German strategy, and it is based upon a correct survey of the present terrain of the war and of the only remaining road to victory. The conflict of the armies, of the fleets and even of the economic staying power is being subordinated to a competition in morales. In the new competition as in the old most of its enemies have been accommodating the German government by letting it keep the initiative. The German military offensive broke down finally at Verdun and, convinced of its futility, the High Command allowed it to pass to the Allies, who seized the discarded weapon with great rejoicing. The Germans then shifted their attack to the communications of their enemies, and by means of the submarine tested out another possible instrument of victory. They are now convinced that it also is serviceable not as an instrument of victory but of attrition. While the Allies in their turn were waking up to the failure of the frontal military attack and were preparing by means of a huge fleet of aeroplanes an onslaught on the German communications, the Germans again changed their strategy and sought victory by means of political weapons. Fortunately, in this particular area of conflict a counter-attack has already been started. For President Wilson in his reply to the Pope began the political offensive on Germany which France and England had neglected and which offers the surest and easiest road to victory.

A SPEECH made recently by Herr Erzberger at Biberach furnishes sufficient reasons for anticipating that the first definite German proposals for peace will be unacceptable. Herr Erzberger is in a sense the leader of the German peace propagandists, and as spokesman of the Centrists he had much to do with the adoption by the Reichstag of the no annexation and no indemnities formula. Yet although in his speech at Biberach he insisted on German readiness to abandon Belgium and northern France and talked about an enduring peace based on justice rather than force, he calmly proposed the creation of a series of kingdoms on the eastern German frontier which would be allied to Germany and presumably become part of its military system. There is, it seems, to be an "independent" kingdom not only

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of Poland but of Lithuania and Courland. If the leader of the German peace party expects to base a "peace of reconciliation" upon the dismemberment of Russia and upon an enormous increase of German political and military influence in eastern Europe, he must believe either that the enemies of German military aggression are on their last legs or are easily fooled. Herr Erzberger may or may not be speaking for the whole of his party, but if he does represent their views the sooner the fact is brought to the surface and advertised the better it will be for the Allies. Even the Russian Socialists would be willing to fight indefinitely in order to prevent such a victory for German military ambitions.

JUST now the most important war work our government has on hand is not training the new levies nor yet building aeroplanes or ships, but mobilizing the financial resources of the country for the new loan. For months to come our chief war obligation will continue to be, as in the past months, the production and forwarding of supplies and munitions for our Allies and for our own men at the front or in training camps at home. We must fight with goods, and these will be forthcoming in the measure that our government and our Allies have means to pay for them. Such means the loan is designed to provide. If it succeeds brilliantly, we shall be performing our present part in the war well, if it is a partial failure, we shall in effect have fled from our entrenchments. The loan will succeed if it enlists the support of all classes; not otherwise. The farmers and the industrial laborer must come to its support as well as the men of wealth. And in supporting the loan the farmer and laborer will not only be meeting their patriotic obligations; they will also be helping to maintain their own prosperity. For practically the whole of the proceeds of the loan will be expended on the products of American farms, factories and the mines.

INDUSTRY is not merely the support of our armies and the reservoir of recruits: it is our chief fighting arm. It is an integral part of our first line of defense. This has been demonstrated so often and so thoroughly that it is inconceivable that anyone should fail to understand it. Yet we act as if we had not the least understanding of the military character of industry in war time. We permit employers and employees to squabble, as in time of peace, to tie up operations, as in time of peace, for reasons too trivial almost to mention. Just now 3,500 ship loaders are on strike in New York because the International Mercantile Marine Company insists upon reinstating a foreman who had incurred the hostility of the men. The trouble began ten weeks ago, when the foreman disagreed with a workman on the question whether an employee who felt faint might go to a drugstore—or elsewhere, the foreman suspected—without permission. To enforce their view of the question 3,500 men in virtually our first line of battle have left their posts. To enforce their view of the question the employers, that is to say the officers commanding these 3,500 men, have evinced their willingness to risk a walkout. For this state of affairs it is, however, not just to blame either the employers or the men. The blame properly rests with the nation and the government for failing to create appropriate institutions for the discipline in war of both employers and employees.

MUCH more serious is the labor situation on the Pacific Coast. In San Francisco a huge volume of war emergency work is tied up by a strike. Included among the concerns that have been closed down are the shipbuilding plants. Think of closing down ship building plants at a time when success or failure in the great war depends directly upon our capacity to provide adequate tonnage. Some of us have been throwing stones at the Russian soldiers for yielding ground, at the Russian officers for their failure to hold their men firm, at the Russian government for its inability to introduce effective disciplinary measures. Would it not be advisable for us to embargo for a while our export of reproaches? We need them at home. We should not, of course, be too pessimistic about our industrial situation. Messrs. Hurley, Daniels and Gompers are conferring on the matter, just as Kerensky, Verkhovsky and Kaledines are conferring. Mr. Hurley is going to the Pacific Coast, as Kerensky is going to the front. Democracy has remarkable powers for pulling itself together in the midst of crisis. But have we not waited long enough for the adoption of a real labor policy that may exclude such disorders as have afflicted us in recent months?

THEORIES of the military indifference of democracies are completely exploded by the record of Australia, of which we are again reminded by the visit of Mr. Holman, Prime Minister of New South Wales. Mr. Holman draws no odious comparisons between the performance of Australia and that of the United States. He was a generous defender of our policy so long as we remained out of a war that concerned us at least as vitally as it concerned Australia, and he accords equally generous recognition to the work we have already done and the promise we have given. But let us draw comparison for ourselves.

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Australia has no conscription law, yet she has provided soldiers to the extent of seven per cent of her population. To match Australia's performance seven million Americans would have had to volunteer, or rather nine million, to allow for those rejected on account of physical disabilities. No nation in the world has even given her sons so freely to a purely idealistic cause as has Australia. This is a fact for Americans to recognize with all the more gratification because Australia represents even better than the United States the democratic ideals upon which our national life rests.

KERENSKY has acted upon his triumph over Korniloff by refusing to establish the death penalty for desertion. All professional soldiers will assert the impossibility of restoring discipline to the Russian army unless the enlisted men know they will be killed for any refusal to obey orders. It may be so, although it seems as if the power of moral coercion which was used so effectively in Great Britain to encourage volunteering could be rendered available to prevent and to punish desertion and mutiny. The history of warfare offers at least one example of an army whose morale was not destroyed by the failure to inflict the death penalty for desertion. During the Civil War President Lincoln disconcerted all his generals by almost invariably pardoning soldiers who were condemned to death for desertion, and this in spite of the fact that desertions were frequent enough to constitute a grave evil. Yet the army of the North fought sufficiently well to win the war. The instance may not be conclusive. Thousands may have been deterred from desertion by a fear of actually incurring a penalty which was liable to be enforced. At any rate the behavior of Mr. Lincoln was one of the best illustrations of the depth of his simple kindly fellow feeling for men in distress, and his admirable tact in mitigating the rigors of a harsh and barbarous practice without raising a dangerous question as to the justifiability of the practice itself. Half the art of democratic government consists in the temperate use of drastic legal powers which must exist in order to deal with extreme cases but which if exercised by a martinet are often indistinguishable from unjust violence.

IN some matters government departments are as jealous of jurisdiction as Balkan states are of disputed territory. This is particularly true of the older and less flexible departments, and justifiably true of departments so important in war as the army and navy. There seem to be excellent reasons, however, why the control of all shipping —even of bottoms for transports and the army commissariat—should now be turned over to the Shipping Board. A ship for transport, say, is requisitioned by the navy and her charter cancelled. But, due to the navy's foresight, that ship is requisitioned three weeks ahead of time. Suppose, instead of lying idle for those three weeks, she could carry a cargo of coal, say, to Cuba, thus earning approximately $50,000 and relieving a serious coal shortage. The navy could not accomplish that, but the Shipping Board could. A ship requisitioned for army supplies must, under the control of the War Department, carry nothing but army supplies, for the army has no power to facilitate trade. As a result, such ships must either be delayed for full cargoes, or sail partly empty. But the Shipping Board could send in the same ship army supplies and other goods. When shipping is so tragically in demand as it is, all possible economies must be utilized. But of course, when the change is made, the army and navy must be guaranteed absolute priority.

IT appears from the messages exchanged between Kaiser and Czar in 1904-05 that German diplomacy almost succeeded in effecting a combination of the two great autocracies against the world. All that blocked the combination was Russia's determination to stand by France, and the impossibility of securing the adhesion of France to a continental league so long as the question of Alsace Lorraine remained unsettled. If Czar Nicholas had been less scrupulous of his obligations to France, or if Germany had been willing to conciliate French opinion by the retrocession of the lost provinces, the liberal world would now be facing a combination of military forces against which resistance would be vain. What principles of international conduct the combination would have applied is indicated by the Kaiser's avowed intention of violating the neutrality of Denmark in case of a Baltic war. All this, happily, is ancient history. But it suggests what dangers the world will incur if Russia again falls under the sway of an autocratic monarch. German autocracy, though shattered in this war, may be restored under the menace of an autocratic Russia. And the bitter experience of this war will have taught the two autocracies that they must hang together, or hang separately.

ONE admirable plan for ameliorating the monotony and homesickness of our encamped soldiers is the establishment of libraries in the cantonments and supplying books to the army in France. Although the diversion of the soldiers has a direct bearing on their efficiency, books are not provided for by the War Department, and of course the special problem of administering these

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emergency libraries has never been an army job. It is the American Library Association that, at the request of the War Department, has engaged to arrange for the standardization of brigade libraries, and their equipment and management. Next week the Association is to raise $1,000,000 to meet these expenses by voluntary contribution, the Association having already started to carry out the elaborate program for providing suitable books for men of the drafted age. The fact that most of these books have been purchased for this enterprise is due to the economy in time and administration in distributing first-hand books, supplied as they are in large quantities at a special discount. The treasurer for the Library War Service Fund is the American Securities and Trust Co., Washington, D. C.

NO incident connected with American preparation for war will make more appeal to the imagination of the good American than the construction of a satisfactory American motor to be used for flying. It was a brilliant example of deliberately stimulating an invention by bringing to the aid of inventive ability the results of analysis, exhaustive investigation and coöperative effort; and inasmuch as the special contribution of the country to the war is to consist of a huge flock of flying men and machines the value of the invention-to-order is enhanced by its enormous utility.

The Salvation of Russia

IF as now seems probable the counter-revolution in Russia is by way of collapsing, democrats throughout the world will heave a sigh of profound relief. In spite of the high character and disinterested motives of many adherents of the revolt, in spite of the seriousness of the malady which, as they erroneously thought, could not be cured without surgery of this kind, its defeat is salutary. The victory of Korniloff would have done mortal damage to the rarest and most promising quality of the Russian republic. He was seeking to strengthen the physical authority of the republic at the expense of its moral authority, its ability to secure obedience at the expense of its ability to deserve obedience. No matter what his motives, his victory would have been favorable to autocracy, violence and reaction, and inimical to democracy and orderly progress. Most of the comment in American and English newspapers falsified or obscured this issue. Korniloff would not, as they assumed, have added order, discipline and civil and military authority to a revolutionary government which was perishing from their lack. He would only have added terror, coercion, blood and iron to a revolution whose proudest distinction hitherto has been its comparative freedom from these evidences of moral disorder.

Anarchy of some kind is one of the risks of revolutions. When a long established political and social order is overthrown, there is bound to result more or less serious disorganization which will impair for a while the capacity of its successor for collective action. What form this disorganization takes and how serious it becomes will depend upon the social standards and political abilities of the successful revolutionists. They are likely to be zealous, but impatient, suspicious, ruthless and domineering men who insist as a condition of their own safety upon the immediate assumption by the new government of an authority no less exclusive than that of the old. The French revolution passed under the control of such men and produced in the Jacobin Club, and in its creature the Committee of Public Safety, a typical example of the cost of imposing by force a rigorous republican ideal upon an unprepared people. The new moral and social order implicit in the French revolution was sacrificed in order to bring into existence a government planned and equipped chiefly to enforce immediate obedience. Thus Jacobinism paved the way for Napoleonism, and the French people were obliged to re-conquer their republic at the expense of several generations of revolutionary experiments, every one of which was thwarted in its better impulses by the spectre of a morally disorganizing alternative between anarchy and empire. They achieved an authoritative state, but they paid for it by defiant neglect of those humane ideals and that mutual good faith without which the power to compel obedience is a threat rather than a help to democracy.

Hitherto at least the Russian revolution has run a better course than its French predecessor. Russia at the present time is disorganized to an extent which must be regarded with apprehension by every friend of the new republic; but in spite of what its enemies claim, the disorder is as yet material rather than moral. The most wonderful aspect of the Russian revolution has been the fidelity of the revolutionary party to a high standard of democratic political values. Not even the memory of past suffering and tyranny, not even the anxiety and strain of war, the threat of treachery and sedition, and the actual outbreak of armed revolt against the authority of the government has yet induced Kerensky and his associates to adopt a policy of terrorism and persecution. They are seeking to purify the Russian republic, not by proscribing and guillotining their enemies, but by keeping their own behavior considerate, decent and humane. Every phase of their policy has testified to the

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sincerity, the intelligence and the courage of their democratic ideals. While renouncing imperialist ambitions for the Russian republic and while believing a similar renunciation on the part of their allies would bring the peace, so necessary to the success of their new government, they have shown patience and forbearance in trying to convert their allies to their opinions. While proclaiming socialist convictions and seeking to keep the new Russia free from capitalist exploitation, they have prevented the application of a drastic social program which could not have been imposed upon the Russian people without ruthless coercion. Thus, although surrounded by violence and intemperance, they are honestly and profoundly reluctant to take refuge in it themselves. Their attitude towards the death penalty for desertion is typical. They have tried to avoid it, because they do not believe in recrimination and punishment as a sufficient answer to crime. Their behavior has been a revelation of how much can and will be done to make democracy real, if only our governors can divine what democracy means and have the faith to act up to the level of their declared convictions.

The refusal of the Russian revolutionary leaders to succumb to the temptation of Jacobinism has not saved the republic from an embarrassing increase in physical disorganization. While much of this disorganization is the result of the incompetence and dishonesty of the old régime, some part of it can be directly traced to the disposition of the revolutionists to experiment ignorantly and irresponsibly with new ideas. But this is a fault which is natural to a democracy and which looks in the right direction. The best testimony to the moral vitality of the republic consists in its ability to hang together in spite of this serious and long-continued disarrangement of the mechanism of its life. The quality in the Russian people which kept them orderly and well behaved during the weeks immediately succeeding the overthrow of Czarism, when so many of the ordinary safeguards of "law and order" were suspended, is apparently still in the ascendant. All the usual temptations and provocations to systematic violence and consequent moral disorder have not availed as yet to drive them into the sublimation of fratricide.

It is this bond of mutual consideration and democratic fellow-feeling which a successful counter-revolution was bound to destroy. Korniloff was clearly seeking to substitute for the rule of consent, which Kerensky had striven under so many difficulties to sustain, the rule of deliberate coercion. How far it is possible and desirable for the Kerensky government to meet the apparently rising tide of physical disorganization with effective resistance, we do not pretend to know, but on one essential point the testimony is sufficient. The needed resistance cannot be supplied by a counter-revolution without adding moral to physical disorder. The Kerensky government whatever its failings is acting on a wise and healing conception of its ultimate responsibilities. It is straining every point to meet the obligation to its allies of fighting until they all agree to quit, and at the same time of remaining faithful to the better social vision of the Russian democracy. As long as there is any chance of its success, counter-revolution in Russia and its support outside of Russia is treachery to the common cause of the allied enemies of German autocratic militarism.

It remains to be seen whether the defeat of the counter-revolution, if it has been defeated, will result in strengthening or in weakening the Kerensky government. For a while it looked as if a victory of Kerensky over Korniloff would enable him to offer a more vigorous resistance to the Bolsheviki, but we can no longer feel sure upon this point. The Maximalists are still threatening another counter-revolution, the program of which will be to impose the rule of the wage-earning class in Russia by violence and to negotiate an immediate peace. The threat is dangerous because many of their moderate associates are doubtful about supporting any longer a government which seeks to coöperate with a middle class in Russia and middle class governments in other countries which are exhibiting hostility to the revolution. They have remarked the recent attitude of the press in France, England and in this co ıtry. If Kerensky is weakened by the Korniloff revolt it will be at least partly the fault of the behavior during the crisis of the ruling class in France and Great Britain. The suspicion of the extreme faction of the Russian revolution has been aroused by the ill concealed sympathy of the French and British governments with the counter-revolution. No wonder they are renewing their agitation for the proscription of their opponents and for a separate peace. It is one more illustration of the inability of French and English statesmen to understand the real power and promise of the Russian revolution and the effects of their misunderstanding in undermining the moral credit of the Russian republic and in compromising its safety. From the beginning their attitude has been dictated exclusively by their chagrin at the military ineffectiveness of the Russian revolutionary armies. They seem to have attached small importance to the decisive contribution made by the Russian democrats to the common cause by its renunciation for their own country of imperialist ambitions and by the consequent encouragement of a liberal revolt in Central Europe against junker domination. Although the success of their declared program de-

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pended in the end on the triumph of moral forces, they have been thinking only of the disadvantageous military consequences of the Russian revolution and have not shared its faith in the power of democratic ideas to supplement and redeem the work of armies.

Americans have better reason to be satisfied with the attitude of their own government during the crisis. It gave a clear indication of sympathy with Kerensky, and this may have done something to repair its past mistakes, but if its more enlightened attitude is to be of any avail, it must follow through on its new course. Its expressions of sympathy need to be reiterated and to be reënforced by the most substantial evidences of support. Rarely is the government of one republic offered a better opportunity to testify to its faith in its own formative ideals by helping them to prevail in another republic. But American support, even though afforded in generous measure, is not likely to be enough. The ability of Kerensky to pull through will depend not only on the amount and kind of assistance which he receives from this country but also and even more upon assistance from Russia's other allies. If they are helpful, patient and considerate of Russia's needs, Kerensky has a good chance of preventing Russia from succumbing to the essentially violent program of both counter-revolutionary factions. Every word or act of English, French and American statesmen, which corroborates the suspicions of the Russian revolutionist as to their hostility to the socialist and anti-imperialist program of the Russian democracy, tends to undermine the morale of the revolution and to prevent Kerensky from keeping the Russian nation true to the anti-German alliance and the democratic cause. The statesmen who made so many concessions to Russian imperialism should be willing to make the concession of tolerance and patience to the Russian democracy. For its own salvation the revolution needs peace more than anything else in the world; but its leaders are loyally seeking to meet Russian national responsibilities to her allies and to continue fighting until a mutually satisfactory agreement about the treaty of peace can be reached. What they have a right to demand in return is an explicit recognition of the invaluable contribution which the Russian revolution is making both to the job of defeating German militarism and to the possible construction after the war is over of an enduring peace. The Russian republic may still survive, provided it is loyally supported in France and England. But if it is misunderstood, scolded, suspected and thwarted by its fellow democracies, it can hardly fail to become the victim of the extremists in Russia who, like the Jacobins in France, are waiting to take advantage of foreign hostility.

Public Opinion in War Time

AT the recent meeting of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy in Minneapolis, Mr. Frank P. Walsh is reported as saying:

> The People's Council crowd have gone wrong largely because of an inability to distinguish between a democracy at war and a democracy at peace. They are fussing over unimportant matters which are the necessary incidents of successful warfare. For any man or group of men to attempt to express America's war ends at this critical juncture is little short of treason.

There is of course a great deal to be said for this thesis, nearly everything indeed which is usually invoked on behalf of autocracy as a better instrument of government than democracy. "Democracy," as Lord Northcliffe reminded us the other day, "is a bad war maker." Indeed very few would dispute the purely military advantage of autocratic government in many respects, and most free peoples are ready to subscribe to the proposition that as soon as a democracy goes to war it should, in the interest of military effectiveness, drop many of its peace-time principles, to resume them as soon as its military job is finished.

The American people are now in process of applying that rule, more particularly with regard to one detail: freedom of discussion. There can be no doubt that Mr. Walsh (whether correctly reported or not in this connection) expresses what seems to be now the all but universal view. That view indeed had, very early in the war, high governmental encouragement. Discussion of peace terms was to be avoided, as such might have an enemy origin. It is now a very familiar editorial text that controversial matter with reference to war aims, to the conditions of peace, or the time at which it should be made, can serve none but a German purpose by tending to reveal differences of opinion, to weaken that unity of intellectual front which will, it is hoped, duly impress the enemy, to alienate certain Allies, to distract attention from the war itself, upon which all moral and material forces should now be concentrated. On the strength of this thesis the majority of American newspapers, and those who write for and to them, seem to have determined, not merely to withdraw from such discussion, but to establish an intellectual reign of terror which shall make impossible the existence of any public man or minority attempting to raise the question of war aims or the time at which the war should end.

To that end the most conservative and constitutional press of the country is acquiescing in the most doubtful stretching of the law to secure the suppression of Socialist or radical

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publications, searches of the houses of prominent radicals, the use of state troops to disperse duly authorized meetings, or their breaking up by "Vigilantes" of one kind or another, and even, apparently, the shooting of political dissenters (one day gives us a total of four killed in one way or another). Most of these measures, governmental and extra-governmental, seem to have at least the acquiescence of the public, if the daily press is any indication. Any attitude of criticism on the question of the war, one even of intellectual speculation on its fundamental issues, anything which could be interpreted as pacifism, internationalist Socialism, religious non-resistance, has, to a large part of the newspaper mind of America, become merely treason.

It is not, however, any legal or governmental action, past or likely to occur, which is the important fact in this connection, but the effect of a prevailing attitude like that just indicated upon the political thinking of the average American.

It is true of course that the country is merely going through—with rather more of what may be called violent-mindedness—a phase duplicated in the experience of England and France during the last three years. The press of those countries of a couple of years back, it is much less the case to-day, shows the same kind of attempt to suppress fundamental discussion of war aims or peace conditions. We find early in 1915, for instance, an eminent Cambridge historian protesting against the "folly of discussing terms of peace," the wickedness of those who "air their views about the future peace while peace is not yet in sight," and who "do not seem to be aware that in warfare the side which begins to talk about peace is held to be the weaker and thereby places itself at a disadvantage." The one thing needed is "to clinch the teeth, say nothing and fight on . . . it is a time for quiet and determined action to encourage our brave boys at the front by the exhibition of that silent and uncomplaining endurance which alone can bring a speedy peace."

Thus Dr. Holland Rose—two and a half years ago. But the change of attitude which has since taken place, both in France and in England, a change which political events in those countries are daily emphasizing, ought not to be lost upon Americans who desire to keep their heads, and who regard the accomplishment of their reasoned political purpose of more importance than the satisfaction of instincts and tempers, however natural and human such may be.

If the expression of minority views had been permitted or encouraged so as to have provoked fuller and completer discussion of war aims and peace terms, the military as well as the political situation to-day would be better than it is. Had such discussion gone on, it is unlikely that public opinion in England would have sanctioned the gross error of the Paris Economic Conference, which has done so much to help the enemy governments to maintain the morale of their peoples and to secure popular support for their policies. French and English opinion would have shown greater sympathy for and understanding of the Russian revolution and made it easier for the revolutionary government to deal with its own extremists. (For there is now an almost frank admission that both the British and French governments have mishandled the Russian situation.) German and Austrian liberalism would be stronger than it is, and autocracy in the two countries correspondingly weaker. Such results have obviously a military, and not a purely political bearing.

Such a conclusion cannot be dismissed as a mere guess. Speaking broadly, no one to-day denies that the Paris Economic Conference was a mistake; that both France and England failed to realize the significance of the Russian revolution; that public opinion, to put it at its lowest, failed to check governmental errors in those respects. In fact it dictated the governmental policy. What led it so far astray?

This question touches the fundamental issue of that policy of suppressing political non-conformity which America seems now to be so ruthlessly adopting. In the press discussions of this matter both here and in Europe the problem is envisaged mainly as one of minority right. Protest against the prevailing attitude, so far as it is made at all, is made on behalf of the "right" to free speech. The implication is that the state should be prepared to take some risk in order to preserve a freedom so hardly won.

Such a claim places the matter upon a wholly misleading and unsound foundation. If it were true that respect for freedom of speech could invoke no greater reason than the right of certain individuals to enjoy intellectual exercise unhampered by the needs of the community for common action, such a "right" should not survive a state of war for a single day. But the real reason for preserving minority criticism is the need for it on the part of the community, of the majority. For without it the majority is bound, sooner or later, to go wrong, to show defective judgment, to adopt and execute disastrous policies; and that even more certainly in war than in peace.

And it is a significant reflection upon the extent of any real understanding of the principle of democracy, that this one reason, which overrides all others in importance, is the reason practically never invoked by either party to the discussion. The mat-

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ter is almost always regarded as a conflict of rights between the majority and the minority, or between the individual and society. At best we "tolerate" contrary opinion, the very word excluding the idea that such is necessary to the common welfare, that we cannot possibly manage society successfully without it, and that it should be scrupulously preserved to that end.

Modern democracies no more believe this, of course, than Athens believed it when told it by Socrates, and would be just as angry at the suggestion that the fit punishment for the intellectual "gadfly" who stings the populace into reflection is not death—but maintenance in the Prytaneum. Being impossible of application as a whole and impartially, the rule of "no discussion of peace terms" has been applied with disastrous one-sidedness. The rule means in practice that all advocacy of a negotiated conciliatory peace shall cease, but not the advocacy of punitive settlements or unconditional surrender. The rule has not secured the cessation of discussion, far from it. It has only meant the prohibition of liberal contribution to that discussion. There has been in the Allied countries a plentiful discussion of terms by the very people who declared that they should not be discussed. Sir Edward Carson, for instance, who spoke so vigorously just recently on the undesirability of the discussion of terms, warmly supported the Paris Economic Conference, which was a discussion of terms in a way that has proved immeasurably mischievous to the Allied cause. There has been no restraint, either by authority or public opinion, of the kind of peace discussion carried on by the Morning Post, or The Daily Express, or Blackwoods, or John Bull, and these papers have, thanks to the encouragement of the enemy governments, obtained very full circulation in Germany and Austria, to the advantage of pan-Germanism and the disadvantage of German liberalism.

But reaction upon enemy morale and policy is not perhaps the most important result of the suppression or restraint of minority opinion. Of most importance is its effect upon our own capacity to keep our political judgment sound and discerning; for if we cannot do that the peace is bound to be a bad one at the last, whatever our military situation. And it is humanly impossible for such judgment to be well balanced when virtually all expression of political opinion during long periods is left to one party, and that the party of extreme and often passionate feeling. Even if the minorities were altogether wrong, if there were nothing worth consideration in their point of view, their expression would still be necessary to check the momentum of certain movements of public feeling and opinion and political action resulting therefrom. If the reader doubts the need of such check or balance, let him consider the significance of certain phenomena of recent public opinion in England, much less subject to violent oscillations than the United States. Before the war the average Englishman would have regarded the suggestion that he be guided by the political judgment of men like Mr. Horatio Bottomley or Mr. Leo Maxse as a preposterous joke. Yet in two or three years the influence of those publicists has become enormous. Have we any reason to believe that they have suddenly grown in political wisdom? No one suggests it. Their influence has increased simply because the creed which they preach is, in reality, the only one allowed free expression and because the temper of violence which they voice belongs naturally to the war time, while the proper drag upon it in the shape of the advocacy of more considered judgments has been withdrawn. They might well be in a crisis—they may have been in certain of the English Cabinet crises—the determinant factor.

For this onesided suppression of popular discussion of war aims or peace terms has not insured any of the European governments immunity from sudden gales of popular criticism. It has only meant that criticism, since the policy of withholding information on essential points has been pushed very far, must have been in large part very ill informed. The English press in 1914 insisted that any critical discussion of Sir Edward Grey's statesmanship should be regarded as an act of treason, an encouragement to the Germans. Yet this did not save him, in 1916, from the fury of those self-same journalists, who, then with equal violence, insisted that any defense of his statesmanship was proof positive of pro-Germanism. And, as we know, they "put it across." Though there be no real discussion, public opinion still rules, but it is of the wayward and fitful type, which always goes with an incapacity quietly to tolerate a contrary view, to hear a hostile argument.

Is it that kind of opinion which will rule at the time of the settlement, make and unmake governments, dictate policies? For while it is true that public opinion will be perfectly ready to surrender such things as the adjustment of Balkan frontiers into the hands of the government, the very parties who would now make criticism of the government an act of treason will absolutely refuse to leave to it the major decisions. If it should appear, for instance, that the administration had decided that, from the point of view of making the future safe for democracy, it would be better to save the Russian revolution by an early peace and sacrifice the winning back of Alsace for France, you would get

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an explosion of opinion to which it could not be indifferent. And from another quarter there would come a bombardment just as severe if it should appear that America, for the purposes of its policy, had decided upon a naval alliance with Great Britain. The decision on such questions as these—decisions upon which the future of the world will depend—will be made by public opinion in one form or another. If that opinion has never focussed fundamental questions like those just suggested its decisions will depend upon the mere hazard of newspaper or party stampede, the chance hobby of some influential newspaper proprietor, the move of some political leader, or the still more fortuitous hazards of sheer mob hypnotism.

The question is whether the public opinion which will have the last word shall be an informed or a misinformed one; accustomed to balance considerations—to discussion, that is—or to act by its first passion. Wisdom, in these matters at least, there cannot be without discussion, without that intellectual interest and inquiry which comes of being challenged in fundamental beliefs. It is the office of those minorities that we are now suppressing—of the internationalists, the Socialists, the pacifists—to furnish that challenge, to keep the discussion alive and vital by raising over and over again the fundamental issues. Without some such stimulus it will be impossible to develop the "political-mindedness" so necessary to sound judgment. These very elementary truths we are in real danger of forgetting.

The Future of German Commerce

THE President's assurance that a chastened and pacified Germany will not need to fear an inter-Allied commercial union directed against her cannot fail to make a profound impression upon the minds of those Germans who are inclining toward peace. The rehabilitation of its foreign trade is the only salvation for a country poor in natural resources and struggling under a war debt equal to one-fourth of its entire private wealth, carrying an interest charge equal to one-tenth of its aggregate of private incomes. But does the President's rejection of the project of an economic league against Germany suffice in itself to convince the Germans that they may lay down their arms and proceed confidently to the work of restoring their foreign trade and their domestic prosperity? The question is of the utmost importance. Not even an unalloyed democracy can be expected to accept voluntarily a peace that may entail economic strangulation. Nor, if such a peace is forced upon it, can it be counted upon to put away all projects for a new trial of strength when the international conjuncture may appear more propitious.

What the Germans know is that whether economic leagues are formed or not, there are forces at work in the world that threaten to handicap their foreign trade. Their best customers before the war were the nations now leagued against them. Will England, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium and the United States take German goods so freely as before the war? What Russia may do is pure speculation. In the other countries it is probable that the tide will set more strongly than ever in the direction of protectionism. And protectionism, even if not explicitly directed against Germany, must operate to curtail German trading opportunities.

But are we justified in assuming that the nations associated in a crusade for political liberalism will incline toward a policy of economic restriction? Unfortunately there is no historical relation between political and economic liberalism. The two greatest republics in the world, the United States and France, have pursued the most narrowly restrictionist commercial policies. This may have been a purely accidental matter. It will not be an accidental matter that will incline the liberal nations toward protectionism after the war.

Under military necessity every belligerent state is establishing all manner of industries that cannot well survive free international competition when peace returns. Our own chemical industries are in point. Many industries that were quite able to meet international competition before the war are being extended under unprecedented conditions of cost. Our ocean shipping may serve for illustration. Whether ships are constructed by private yards or by the government, the cost per ton must greatly exceed costs prevailing before the war. We shall press the construction of ships with the utmost vigor, regardless of costs, until peace is concluded. And afterward, we shall have a large volume of tonnage that will find great difficulty in earning interest and sinking charges on its capital cost, under conditions of competition. Perhaps we shall write off the cost of the ships, as a war expense, and let them earn what they can. We shall find difficulty in applying a similar policy to the land industries built up under similar conditions of excessive costs.

It is not merely capital interests, but labor interests as well, that will be menaced by the intense international competition that will in all probability follow the conclusion of peace. Wages in all the belligerent states have risen markedly. They have not risen so rapidly as the cost of living, it is true, but this is all the more reason why, after the war

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when prices fall, labor should stubbornly resist all tendencies toward a restoration of the old levels. Let it be argued that wages must come down to meet foreign competition, and labor's reply will be, Exclude foreign competition. Granted that protection cannot maintain wartime prosperity for all industrial capital and labor, can we doubt that the influence of these interests will be thrown in the direction of protection? And to these interests we must now add a considerable agrarian interest. This year we are to have something better than two-dollar wheat. Next year wheat is to command two dollars. What of the year following, when Russia will probably be producing great surpluses, Indian and Australian supplies will find sufficient bottoms, and Argentina will harvest greatly extended fields? American farmers will demand protection, as will also British, French, Italian, Belgian.

Neither President nor Pope can assure the Germans so favorable opportunities in the Allied markets as they would have enjoyed if they had not inaugurated this disastrous war. But cannot the Germans turn to the neutral states and the vast undeveloped regions of the world? Here is a market capable of unlimited expansion. And what is more essential, here is a source of much of the raw material Germany needs not only for her foreign trade but for domestic use.

Germany cannot dispense with the copper and cotton of the United States, but from these supplies she is in no danger of being excluded. She cannot dispense conveniently with nitrates from Chili, rubber from South America and the East Indies, zinc from the British possessions, hides and skins from Asia and South America. There are also numerous minor staples to be had only from the neutrals or from the world's colonial domains that Germany must have for the full development of her industries. What assurance can Germany be given that she will not suffer from unfavorable discriminations here?

So far as neutral territory is concerned, Germany needs no formal assurances. When she makes peace, she will be received on equal terms with other nations in all Latin America and in the Dutch East Indies. But this is after all a restricted trading domain for so vast an industrial power as that of Germany. What is of much greater concern to the German commercial statesman is the treatment that is to be accorded to his nationals in the colonial possessions of the countries now fighting Germany. Now that the African colonies of Germany are as good as lost, the whole of Africa would be closed against Germany if the Allied nations were to adopt an exclusive colonial policy. The whole of southern Asia, except the Dutch islands, would be closed by such a policy, and how much of China would remain open to Germany after Japan has cashed in on her claims upon the Allies must remain problematical.

Prior to the war the open door policy was pursued by the British in all their non-settlement colonies, by all the Powers, with some minor exceptions, in equatorial Africa, by the Dutch in the East Indies and by the French, under the compulsion of German sabre-rattling, in Morocco. But a political tendency toward the closed door was unmistakably in evidence. We closed the door to the Philippines. The French closed up Tunis; the Japanese and Russians made the position of the foreign trader in Manchuria difficult, and even England developed a powerful movement toward imperial federation that contained at least the possibility of the closed door in her vast colonial domains.

What are to be the tendencies in colonial policy after the war? This is a question to which the Allied Powers have probably given little attention. It is a question, we must assume, that excites as grave concern in the German mind as does the question of an Inter-Allied commercial league. For such a league, after all, would bear within it the seeds of its own destruction. It would run counter to the protectionist forces in the several nations. But there are no similar forces working against the adoption by each of the Allied nations of an exclusive colonial policy. Indeed, such a policy would be almost a direct corollary of protectionism. If the French, for example, intend more rigorously than ever to exclude foreign competition from their home market, they are likely to strive also toward a more rigorous exclusion of competition from colonial markets under their control.

Colonial policy can no longer be considered a matter of purely national concern. At least nations that are fighting for humanity and democracy cannot morally hold territories inhabited by races alien in blood, in language, in culture, except as trustees for humanity. And this trusteeship is not compatible with a policy of selfish commercial monopoly. Nations that are fighting to establish peace on a permanent basis cannot rationally pursue a colonial policy that leads directly to war. This the policy of exclusion does, without question. With all due allowance for German national arrogance and lust for military adventure for its own sake, every candid student of international affairs must assign a prominent place among the causes of the world war to the policy of colonial exclusion. Why did Germany yearn so savagely for Asia Minor and Mesopotamia? Because she hoped to engross the trading opportunities and the natural resources of those lands for her nationals.

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Why did this seem to the average German, by no means an unethical human being, a highly moral purpose? Because other nations were pursuing a similar policy, and if all adopted it, as they might have done, the sunshine of German prosperity might have been permanently dimmed. Autocratic Germany responded to the putative menace with fire and sword. How will a democratic Germany respond to a similar menace in the future?

President Wilson has shattered one of the pillars of German moral belligerency by his veto upon selfish economic leagues. Will he leave intact the other pillar, exclusive colonial policies?

According to Gender

THE war is changing even the "Woman's Page." In metropolitan papers it exists as only a sort of vestigial structure. Jam-tart recipes and chiffon-blouse patterns have been superseded by expert advice on wartime economy. This appears under headings that modestly appeal to the "housekeeper," not delimiting the whole field of women's interests to the pickling of young cucumbers. Some women must have impressed some editors that though they desired emancipation neither from tarts nor from chiffons their range of interests had stretched a little further. Exit therefore the Woman's Page, as such, from most papers of national importance.

The war has still plenty of work to do. Examine any fairly representative collection of papers outside New York City. Almost invariably they radiate a conception of woman corresponding to that of the earnest fashion authority who wrote in one of her recent bulletins to a large newspaper circuit: "Women there are, precious little tidbits of humanity, who should never wear dignity dresses, because they are weighted down and their personality is all but extinguished by such attire." The papers who publish "Things of interest to Women" go several steps further. They seem to apply this doctrine of the tidbit's precarious personality to every woman. They try to shelter her from dignity's extinguishing power by focusing her eye on a medley of "How to remove peach stains. Cure for wrinkles. Pongee underwear. Banana Delight. What the mirror tells. Care of Baby in summer. How to have beautiful hands. When to wear ear-rings."

There is of course no reason to be agitated about it. If one does not value the information, cut from a Southern newspaper, that one's face can be kept nice and pink by rubbing it every night with fresh strawberry juice, one can skip it; along with the dubious suggestion that to cure a severe cold one need only sprinkle the bedding plentifully with turpentine. Nor is it necessary to read the fiction that the management deems suited to the Woman's Page, the moist Confessions of a Wife, or the extended Revelations of Honeymoon House. All these irritations can be easily enough avoided. What remains is the annoyance over wasted space. The little actual information printed here can be obtained far more authoritatively elsewhere from the magazines that frankly cater to the traditionally feminine interests. Those interests are well taken care of without aid from the newspapers. If the daily press feels that it must segregate items of special importance to women it need not encroach on the territory of the Ladies' Home Journal. Witness the admirable column, Are Women People? conducted by Alice Duer Miller in the Sunday Tribune. Until women's struggle for recognition as "people" is nearer a successful finish than it is now, segregation for their news is perhaps a good thing. The press could really accomplish something by giving a definite page to the record of women's hopes and achievements as citizens of the world. The suffrage problem, the trade union problem, the equal pay for equal work problem, all these and others are being precipitated by the war, and they furnish material for the conducting of several pages, being further supplemented by the women's activities growing directly out of the war.

But material or no material, it will be a long while before any such sublimation of the Woman's Page is more than accidental. For this there is a fundamental reason, an insidious reason, one almost impossible to fight. The tidbit conception still pervades the newspaper mind. It breaks out most obviously in the recipe and pattern miscellany but its real strength is in that journalistic attitude which makes even metropolitan reporters worry whether a woman elected to public office has brown or red hair and whether she wears crêpe or gingham dresses. The records of suffrage show that women are gradually becoming recognized as people in the eyes of the law, but the record of events in any newspaper shows that the eyes of the press are yet as those of a very recent kitten when it comes to separating a woman's achievements from the fact that she is a woman. The number of examples is equal to the number of times women step into publicity.

No fact about Ruth Law's career was more copiously dwelt upon than her asking for powder directly after that first sensational flight. Probably it wasn't a fact, but if so it was distended out of all relation to its importance. It was inflated even to a sub-headline: "Ruth Law Demands Powder From First Woman Met." Very much

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as if an account of one of Guynemer's exploits should herald in heavy type that soon after descending he wanted a shave. Another example is Mrs. Grace Humiston. Not one of her many interviewers failed to publish the precise warp, woof, and pattern of whatever dress she happened to wear, and one report stated authoritatively that she seemed to be fond of her home, because she kept in telephonic touch with domestic affairs when she was at her office. But the most shining instance of recent record is Miss Jeannette Rankin, Congresswoman from Montana. The exact nuance of her hair was controversial newspaper matter for weeks after her election. Conservative organs proclaimed in long paragraphs that she made her own hats and dresses and a certain "wonderful lemon meringue pie." Even the editorial writer took a whack: "The first official appearance of a woman in Congress was a gladsome affair. We believe that if the spirit of the Fathers had been consulted as to her most becoming attire on such an occasion, they would have chosen black Georgette crêpe over white, trimmed in black satin with a white collar and white yoke; which was what she had on. They might have objected because she wore no hat, but that is nothing for anyone to be certain about." In the same editorial comes an excellent sample of that newspaper facetiousness which is another manifestation of the tidbit conception, "Alas that Representative Rankin should have voted for Jim Mann when there were so many handsomer, more patriotic males all about her. And shouldn't she for the sake of suffrage have voted for herself?"

The paper quoted writes, of course, only according to its anti-suffrage lights. But although the radical press has a more cordial tone, it too is afflicted with a certain myopia in the matter of distinguishing between woman and her achievements. One New York advocate of woman suffrage writes enthusiastically of a speech made by Miss Rankin at a gathering in her honor: "Her white chiffon dress fluttered in the breeze of her own eloquence. Her white satin cloak lay over the back of the chair, and her white satin pumps were small and dainty. She was a débutante at the coming-out party of women into the class of real people." There is a kindly intention here, but there is also a little of the joy of the dog-owner whose Pomeranian has successfully toured the room on its hindlegs, "the marvel being not that it walks so well, but that it walks at all." The marvel is enhanced by emphasizing the doggishness of the dog, by proving that it is no advanced circus-brute with uncanine aspirations, but that it can do this artful thing and still remain in its decorative lap-dog sphere. All unconscious, no doubt, of any such undercurrent the benevolent newspaper tries to crown the success of its suffrage protegée by insisting on her entire femininity, the authentic femininity of height of heel and depth of powder.

It is for a different reason that a hostile paper writes of Miss Rankin: "Even after entering politics, she refused to forsake the old household arts, cooking and needlework." Here it seems to be the motive of fear reassured. It is a throb of almost pathetic relief. Domestic anarchy may darken the future, but one of its harbingers can make lemon meringue pie and the cataclysm is at least postponed. Yet whether moved by pride or by anxiety the journalistic attitude toward woman outside her Victorian sphere appears essentially the same. Almost half the news-emphasis is sex-emphasis. That this was the natural position to take against the first feminine interlopers, one can easily understand. It is less easy to see why it should still be so all-pervasive. Perhaps it is the crystallization of an attitude into a habit, a far more tenacious evil. But even for this ill the war may prove an unexpected panacea. Not the most reactionary paper can afford space to the appearance and domestic accomplishments of each impersonal unit in a regiment of girl soldiers, or to each and every member of an army of women workers. By sheer force of numbers if by nothing else women will attain to the status of people, of ordinary human beings, allowed to pursue their unphotographed way in whatever vocation they may choose; and when they deserve comment getting it not according to gender but on the actual merits of the case. And in that day there shall be no more Woman's Pages, nor shall reporters worry whether a woman treads the halls of Congress in high-heeled shoes or in Groundgrippers.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor
CHARLES MERZ, Washington Representative

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The Hungarian Upheaval

THE statesmen of the Entente Allies seem to have failed to recognize the Hungarian government and the Hungarian people as significant elements in the vast complex of efforts, resources, ambitions and fears that determines the power and policies of the Central Empires. While many of the spokesmen of Allied liberal opinion are careful to draw the line between the German people and their autocratic rulers, no similar effort has been made to recognize the cleavage within the Hungarian state between the imperialistic junker party, the followers of Count Tisza, and the mass of Hungarian people, oppressed and exploited to a degree unknown in the Germany of modern industrial welfare and universal Reichstag suffrage. But if the Allied statesmen and publicists have committed a grave error in not having made this discrimination up to the present, a continuance of the neglect assumes proportions which verge upon criminal folly now that the rapid development of liberalism which has followed the fall of Count Tisza has resulted in the rise to supreme power of decidedly anti-war liberals and more or less pronounced anti-German radicals.

The succession to the premiership of Dr. Alexander Wekerle after the brief régime of the progressive and well intentioned but somewhat lukewarm Count Esterhazy comes as the climax of a democratic upheaval. It signifies that the junker rule of Count Tisza has lost the last remains of its credit with the people, and that the influences making for quick peace, a real reconciliation with the present enemies and thoroughgoing internal reforms, have completely gained the ascendency. Hungarian junkerism, the power which more than any other precipitated the great conflict, seems to have reached its downfall. Indeed, its loss of prestige and power is irretrievable if the diplomacy of the Allies is sufficiently alert to seize this supreme opportunity to array the democratic forces of Hungary against the extremists of Berlin.

It would lead too far to analyze the reasons for this failure of Allied diplomacy to divide Hungarian public opinion and thereby to hasten democratic fermentation within the Central Powers. Let it suffice to point out that the Entente governments, first to satisfy Russian imperialism and later to secure Italian and Rumanian participation in the war, were compelled to make the partition of the Dual Monarchy and of Hungary itself (next to the destruction of Prussian militarism) the chief item of their program. The disgraceful course of the Austro-Hungarian government toward Serbia, for which an overwhelming share of responsibility rests upon Count Tisza, and the oppression of the Slavic and Rumanian nationalities in Hungary, combined to lend a color of justice to this demand for breaking up the Hungarian state.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether the statesmen of the western Allies have ever examined carefully and without prejudice the internal troubles of Hungary. The oppression of the non-Magyar peoples has been the most widely advertised but not the most serious of these internal difficulties. It has been commonplace to accept at face value the allegations of the Slovak, Jugoslav and Rumanian protagonists that these subject races have been suffering under the ruthless rule of nine or ten million Magyars. That this is far from being an accurate description of the political situation in Hungary is evident when it is considered that for two decades the Magyar radicals and Socialists have waged a bitter fight upon what they have called the "fiction of Magyar ascendency," and which in reality has been the incredibly brutal political oppression and economic exploitation of twenty million Magyars, Slovaks, Rumanians and Croatians by a plunderbund of junker landowners, Jewish captains of industry and finance and Catholic ecclesiastics. Universal suffrage and a democratic land reform were opposed by the junker party with the argument that such innovations would inevitably put an end to Magyar national ascendency. As to the question of subject races, the attitude of the Magyar radicals and Socialists has always been that Slovaks, Rumanians and Croatians suffered not only the political and economic oppression which was their lot in common with the Magyar peasantry and laboring classes, but also the surplus grievance of being governed by a corrupt and antiquated county administration, by junkers who did not speak their tongue and who looked down upon them as not only an inferior class but an inferior race.

Radicals and Socialists were tireless in pointing out the supreme danger brought upon the Dual Monarchy and upon Europe in general through the foreign policy of the Magyar junkers. By keeping up hatred between Magyar and Slav, peoples destined by historical past and economic future for peaceful coöperation, and above all by utilizing all means to strangle Serbian agricultural competition, this policy aligned Hungary with the adventurous imperialists and militarists of Potsdam and imposed upon the country military burdens far above its capacity. Before the Socialist party convention

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held in October, 1913, Dr. Sigmund Kunfi, one of the most brilliant minds of the Hungarian Socialists, charged the junkers openly with conjuring the menace of a European war through their Serbian policy of closing the Hungarian frontier to Serbian products and of refusing simultaneously to allow Serbia an outlet on the Adriatic. Half a year later, in May and June, 1914, the leader of the radicals, Count Michael Karolyi, actually entered into negotiations with political circles in Paris and Petrograd, therefrom expecting support against the common enemy, the imperialism of Prussian and Magyar junkers.

Unfortunately for Hungary and for Europe, these overtures were stopped short by the assassination of the Crown Prince in the Bosnian capital. It is by no means improbable that had the outbreak of the war been delayed another five years, it might have found the nations differently arrayed. As it was, the utilizing of the Sarajevo outrage in working up the sentiment of the people, and the Russian mobilization order which actually preceded those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, enabled Count Tisza to convince practically the entire Hungarian nation that a war of self-defense was being forced upon them by a conspiracy of powerful foes bent on the destruction of Hungarian statehood.

That it was possible for Count Tisza to keep up this plea of self-defense, through three years of superhuman suffering and sacrifice, is due above all to the attitude of the Allied governments and the Allied press. These did not let a single opportunity pass without emphasizing that a victory of the Entente would be identical with the breaking up of the Hungarian state. To be sure, such an outcome would have meant for the Hungarian junkers an extermination only too well earned. But for the Magyar radical it would have meant the extinction of the hope of a democratized and federalized Hungary with its place in the confederacy of the south-eastern democracies. It would have pitted against each other a number of chauvinistic and imperialistic states with Magyar minorities gasping for the very breath of life in the midst of each, so many small Ulsters without England and English Tory party to back them up, a sort of perpetual Second Balkan War with the heirs of Hungary struggling for the heritage of the Magyar. To such a prospect practically the entire Hungarian nation preferred the hardships of war.

But since the end of May, 1917, the state of things in Hungary has undergone a tremendous change. Count Tisza is gone from the seat of power, never to return unless the policies promulgated by the Morning Post and Le Matin are made the official program of London, Paris and Washington. The collapse of his rule was due to an irresistible wave of public opinion demanding the instant achievement of democratic reforms, above all of universal and equal suffrage with the ballot. But that this demand could acquire the potency necessary for the overturn of the junkers is due to the fact that the foremost desire of both the Hungarian people and of King Charles is a quick achievement of peace.

The intolerable hardships, above all the scarcity of food, the constant sacrifice of thousands of men, and the untiring propaganda of radicals and Socialists have combined in bringing about in the mind of the Hungarian people the realization that they were compelled to fight for no purpose, or, worse still, for the purpose of somebody else. The entrance of America into the war afforded Count Karolyi an opportunity, among others, to drive home the point that after all it cannot be worth while for Hungary to fight against the combination of all the democracies in the interest of Prussian ruthlessness. But the event that doomed the Hungarian junker party was the announcement by the Russian government of the peace formula of no conquests and indemnities. Hungary, which was hurried into the war by the dread of Muscovite imperialism, was made to see that Muscovite imperialism was no more and that the Hungarian people had nothing to fear from the great rising democracy in the east. Whatever the ambitions of the Magyar junkers have been, the Hungarian people themselves have never dreamed of conquest. Thus it has not been too difficult for the radicals to convince the majority of the people that the one insurmountable obstacle to peace was the régime of Count Tisza and the junkers, and that the way to overthrow this obstacle lay through universal suffrage.

Fortunately for the cause of democracy, this time the interests of the Hungarian people coincided with the desires of the new King. Charles IV seems to have realized from the very beginning of his reign that the only chance for the survival of his house and of the Austro-Hungarian combination was a quick peace, and that an all-powerful Prussia was anything but a blessing for Austria and the Hapsburgs. Consequently he was inclined to support the Hungarian people against Count Tisza, the exponent of uncompromising Prussianism. By giving his consent to the democratic reforms and by ridding Hungary of the junker government he inclined to enhance the possibilities of an agreement with the Allies. Accordingly, Count Tisza was discarded, and the reforms promised. It is noteworthy that the fall of Tisza came almost simultaneously with the endorsement by Count Czernin of the Russian peace formula, and it is to be recalled that as an adherent of Trialism, or

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the plan of an independent Jugoslav state as a third unit within the Hapsburg combination, Count Czernin was always bitterly hated by the Magyar junkers.

But the double aim of peace and democracy was not yet achieved by the fall of Count Tisza. Though discredited and hated in the country at large, the late premier still commanded the corrupt majority in the House of Representatives. To secure the connivance of this majority or else to bring about its disruption and a secession of the more progressive members, Count Maurice Esterhazy, a moderate liberal, was called to the premiership. His chief recommendation was his friendly relation with Count Tisza, where Andrassy, the liberal leader noted as a pacifist and a friend of England, would have been entirely unacceptable to the Parliament majority. Two of the most prominent spokesmen of the radicals, however, Count Theodore Batthyany and Dr. William Vazsonyi, were named as members of the cabinet which expected support from the so-called suffrage block, the coalition that was made up of the liberals and radicals, and the more progressive, more opportunist members of Count Tisza's following. This combination, it appears, was not effected. The general discontent and the demand for reforms and peace gained in strength, and Count Esterhazy was succeeded by Dr. Alexander Wekerle, one of the shrewdest and most far-sighted of Magyar statesmen with an eminently liberal record, who immediately promised to put through the entire program of the Radicals.

The lesson to be drawn from the Hungarian upheaval is of great significance. The Allies assert that they want to create peace, through democracy. In the case of Hungary they have a magnificent chance of helping to create democracy through the promise of peace, and with the support of Hungarian democracy, to establish the peace of Europe and the world. If the Allies offer liberal terms of peace to Hungary, which mean a guaranty of the territorial integrity of the Hungarian state and nothing else, Hungarian democracy will be enabled not only to take care of itself, but also to exert very palpable and effectual pressure on Germany in the interest of a democratic peace. If the double distinction of President Wilson, first as between Germany and Austria-Hungary, and then as between Prussian autocracy and the German people, is a wedge driven into the fighting unity of the Central Empires, a declaration of the Allies that they wish to see Hungarian independence and territorial unity safeguarded would infinitely increase the division. A Hungary which has no reason to continue fighting, which has every reason to stop the war and to bring her present ally to terms either by backing up liberal opinion in Germany, or by directly threatening Prussian junkerdom, a Hungary whose resolute advocacy of peace will be hailed with delight by war-weary Austria and even Bulgaria, taking a stand which at the same time would transform the vague and idealistic peace utterances of the young Emperor-King and of Count Czernin into palpable realities, would make up amply for the collapse of Russian power, and would be, in fact, the most effective factor in bringing about a quick conclusion of the war.

Moreover, by declaring for the territorial integrity of Hungary the Allies would effect the realization of one of their most important war aims, the final democratization of an important member of the Central European group. Hungary, where the forces that make for progress have at last gained the upper hand, needs an atmosphere of peace to work out her own problems in a way that would make her a fit and worthy member in a league of European democracies. The phrase "territorial integrity" when uttered by Count Tisza meant, beside some implications as to readjustment of the southern frontier for "strategic reasons," chiefly the territorial integrity of millions of acres held by a few hundred junker families and a dozen or so bishops, and the political status quo ante maintained by bayonet and corruption. When used by a Hungarian government committed to the Radicals the same phrase means an indivisible Hungarian state, but a state imbued with the ideals of western democracy, a state reconstructed on the basis of equal and universal suffrage with the ballot, a modern land system and full enfranchisement, political, cultural and economic, of the non-Magyar nationalities, probably with a form of combined local and racial autonomy and with the ultimate prospect of federalism on the Swiss model. Such a Hungary would not only gladly assist in the restitution of the former kingdom of Serbia, it would also support the Serbian claim to an adequate seaport as a demand of justice and European safety. Such a Hungary would certainly have no difficulties in coming to an understanding with the great Jugoslav state, uniting within its boundaries Croatians, Slovenes, Dalmatians and probably Serbians and Bosnians. The formation of this great state, with the guaranty of an outlet for Hungary on the Adriatic, will probably have to be effected prior to the establishment of a federated south-eastern Europe, predicted more than half a century ago by the greatest of Magyar patriots, Louis Kossuth. Such a confederacy of the independent Magyar, Jugoslav, Rumanian and Bulgarian democracies would be again the only safe barrier against a possibly revived Prussian "Drang nach Osten."

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It seems more than probable, on the other hand, that an absolute refusal of the Allies to give this chance to the newly born Hungarian democracy, recommended by justice and their own interests, would result in the return of Count Tisza to dictatorship and in the bracing up of Magyar junkerdom for a last ditch fight. A junker Hungary was a potent factor in the outbreak of the war; a liberalized Hungary might be equally effectual in assuring a stable and just peace.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

By Way of Westminster

EVENSONG was just over in Westminster Abbey, the choir had finished singing "God Save the King," at which officers and men home on leave or out from hospital stood at attention, and the devout filed out through the great South door, where a small group of American bluejackets was buying picture postcards of this the chief of all Britain's shrines. Across the Square a crowd was waiting outside the House of Commons, waiting to see the Members drive out, after hearing Mr. Arthur Henderson's speech justifying his action with regard to the Stockholm Conference. Overhead little fleecy clouds floated in the hazy summer sky. It was an ideal day for an air raid, and far off somewhere the anti-aircraft guns were cracking and exploding at practice, and it needed but the dull heavy boom of dropping bombs to make Londoners think a raid was actually in progress.

As a matter of fact, London was not being raided—at least not by aircraft. But suddenly the endless traffic around Whitehall and Parliament Street stopped. The road going over Westminster Bridge was clear, and there came the sound of men's voices, singing. Shouting is not infrequently heard in this quarter, and cheering too, sometimes. But one hardly ever sings along Whitehall or over Westminster Bridge. And this singing was somewhat unusual: it was jolly and rollicking, and rather un-English, in fact. It is not easy to distinguish words and music above the hum of traffic in a great city; one hears a confusion of varying sounds, and at times it is possible to separate some one particular sound from the great cacophony that is going on around. And so it became possible to pick out this one, as it came nearer and more distinct.

And somewhere near Bridge Street, just opposite the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament, where Big Ben is silent because of the war, the sound defined itself. It became something familiar, and Westminster Bridge seemed less like itself, and more like any thoroughfare between the Battery and the Harlem Ship Canal. For the sound was something that may commonly be heard on Broadway, and the words, which were quite distinct now, were:

> I want to go back:
> I want to go back
> To my home in Tennessee.

And it is a very long (and at present a very difficult) way to Tennessee from Westminster Bridge. Then the singers came into view.

They were men, and they walked in procession in rows four abreast. There were about fifty of them, and they were led by a young man, who sang more lustily than all the rest, and they marched straight ahead, as though Tennessee really did lie somewhere beyond the opposite side of Westminster Bridge. And as the little procession passed policemen stood at attention, pedestrians cheered, and the little old soldier who sells papers outside Westminster Station wiped a tear out of his eye, and said from the bottom of his heart, "God bless 'em!" For the men, they were all of them young, were dressed in shapeless suits of light blue with bright red ties—the uniform of wounded soldiers not yet discharged from hospital. And they were marching, not to Tennessee, but across the bridge to St. Thomas Hospital for tea.

They were all dressed in the same blue uniform, but their headgear represented almost every regiment fighting under the British flag. Some hobbled along on crutches; others had an arm, or two arms, in slings. Others again had their heads swathed in bandages. The last file, the merriest and most tuneful, had been blinded, and they crossed arms on each others' necks, and with heads erect marched on, not seeing the admiration of the passers-by, whose hearts were touched by the brave cheerfulness of these splendid lads. And still the procession of heroes sang:

> I want to go back:
> I want to go back
> To my home in Tennessee.

Now, for all some of the singers of this Broadway ditty knew, Tennessee might be a suburb of Berlin. But there were others in that little crowd whose speech, like St. Peter's, betrayed them; some wearing the bonnet of the Canadian Highlanders, and others again who by their accent might be more at home in Manhattan and the Borough of Queens than in the neighborhood of Westminster Bridge and St. Thomas Hospital. It is these, these wounded lads in the uniform of Britain, marching through the heart of Britain, singing American songs, that are by their blood and their wounds really making safe the way to Tennessee.

H. C. WATTS.

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The Issue in Butte

AT a time when there are new demands upon the production of raw materials, the mines of Montana, supplying twenty per cent of the copper produced in the country and half at least of the zinc of that quality needed for munition manufacture, are described by the chief counsel of the Anaconda Mining Company as being "absolutely crippled and almost completely shut down." On the eleventh of June the first walkouts came, in the Elm Orlu and the Davis-Daly shafts. At the present time more than ten thousand miners are on strike in the city of Butte.

Since the production of copper and zinc is a war necessity, any labor dispute standing in the way of a maximum output is likely to be attributed to a coalition of I. W. W. leadership and German support. In Butte there is no miner with whom I have talked who was not willing to acknowledge that his new union offers membership at a reduced fee to the Industrial Worker, and that perhaps six or eight hundred of them have taken advantage of the offer. The Industrial Worker is usually active, and there is no doubt that from these transferred members the leaders of the present strike have been recruited. It is also possible, of course, that certain leaders are receiving contributions from an agent of the German government. But though such backing may be valuable, the opportunity of the I. W. W. leader depends upon the existence of a situation in which the workers have been so harshly exploited by an autocratic management that they are ready for a revolt. Unless there is a disturbing evil in the industrial organization, the best efforts of I. W. W. agitation and foreign intrigue are seeds with no ground in which to take root.

In Butte that evil is found in the "rustling card" system. The rustling card is a recommendation upon which all except three of the Butte mines insist. When a miner secures employment his card is deposited with the company. At the conclusion of his service, if the company has found him a satisfactory employee, his card is given back to him. To be discharged without a card is to face a precarious future.

The companies defend this practice on the ground that it is a necessary effort at self-protection. "We have adopted this system," states the chief counsel of the Anaconda Company, "to get the most responsible men, and men who, we know, are not disturbers and agitators." Owning the mines, the companies believe that the management of them is exclusively their own business, the affair neither of the inconvenienced public nor the dissatisfied workman. If any man feels that he has a grievance, a decent loyalty to the company that is feeding him demands that he present it individually at his own risk.

As long ago as 1912 there were warnings that the men in the Butte mines would not endlessly tolerate a patriarchy and exploitation that had been thrown aside in many other industries. At that time the Western Federation of Miners was still an active organization in Butte, a major unit of the American Federation of Labor. An issue was made of the rustling card, and a referendum of Butte miners showed against it. It was the failure of the Federation leaders to recognize this referendum, and the consequent suspicion that they were tools of the companies, that prepared the way for the final breakdown of the Federation in June, 1914. From the day on which Union Hall was shattered by a dozen blasts of dynamite, until June of the present year, the mines of Butte ran open shop—with the rustling card conveniently snuffing out successive attempts at organization.

By denying their employees the right of collective bargaining the companies had for several years been preparing to bring anarchy upon themselves. The men were ready to revolt. A disaster in the Granite Mountain shaft on June 8th, in which one hundred and fifty miners lost their lives, applied the match. Three days later there was distributed on the streets of Butte a circular calling upon the men to organize and walk out of the mines. Before they would return there must be guaranteed "an unqualified observance of the state mining laws," an increase in wages from $4.75 to $6 a day for underground work, and an "absolute abolition of the infamous rustling card system."

In reply to these demands the companies at once issued a statement which denounced "the I. W. W. and other organizations whose one aim is to paralyze our industries." In this attitude the companies had the support of the three local newspapers, and accordingly practical local control over Associated Press dispatches. Since the beginning of the strike there has existed the greatest cordiality between the mine owners and the press, and even a measure of coöperation. When, for instance, Miss Jeannette Rankin came to Butte a few weeks ago and in a public speech condemned the rustling card system, the Anaconda Company sent to one of the daily papers a list of those "prominent at meeting the train," in which it selected nine I. W. W. men out of the crowd of five thousand men and women and summed up their records as agitators and term-servers. Omissions have been as consistent as news manufactured coöperatively. No notice was given to the fact that it was the strikers and not the companies or the public who invited a federal investigation; no effort has

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been spent in commending the orderliness of the strikers' methods. The record here shows little of the violence and outlawry that an anti-government, I. W. W. strike should produce. When the miners were called out, their committee distributed circulars ordering the men to strike quietly, and, after striking, to stay away from the mines. As a result, though more than ten thousand men have been on strike, men in whose previous strikes there is a tradition for violence, the problem of maintaining order locally has never been difficult. What convictions there have been have come chiefly in the cases of men and women who had handed out circulars, and then had been charged with distributing advertising matter without a license, or with permitting waste paper to blow upon the streets.

For some time after the calling of the strike the companies retained their belief that the issue could be made one of patriotism, and their confidence that no organization lashed together overnight could hold together determinedly. But after the mines had been closed, or run with badly crippled shifts, for six weeks, an effort was made to attract the individual striker away from his organization with certain compromises, which, as labor's power is measured in Butte, would ordinarily have been regarded by the miners as a victory. On July 20th, the companies proposed a new sliding scale of wages: to be six per cent higher when copper sold at seventeen cents, and increase progressively as copper rose. In addition, the companies offered to institute a weekly pay day. This had not been an issue, however, and the new wages offered were less than the men had asked. As for the rustling card, the Anaconda Copper Company declared that while it could not abandon the system it would grant this much: in future any miner could ask for and receive his original card, "unless for a good and sufficient reason the rustling card has been taken up and cancelled." The company itself, it was planned, was to pass upon the goodness and sufficiency of reasons. The miners could not see that this proposal did much to modify the system against which they had struck, and there were few acceptances of the new wages.

What the companies would not grant was the principle which they had fought in the past, and the principle which they would not recognize as having attracted eight thousand men to the new miners' organization. "Speaking for the Clark mines," declared the president of that company, "I would rather close them down, flood them and never take another pound of ore out of them than recognize the anarchistic element in control of the so-called new miners' union." Mr. Clark, like the striking miners, was willing to place one principle before even the government's need of copper; but because of that no one has thought it necessary to charge that he was backed by German money. On the other hand, the Anaconda Standard, known to speak the sympathies of the mine owners, reported his ultimatum under the heading: "W. H. Clark voices sentiment of mining companies." Throughout the whole struggle the owners have refused to recognize that the rustling card, with its effect upon the right of collective bargaining, was an issue. And they have done this in spite of the refusal of the men to accept higher wages as individuals; in spite of the endorsement given to the strike by the Silver Bow Trades and Labor Council, composed of all the labor unions in Butte; in spite of the declaration by the local typographical branch of the American Federation of Labor that "The issue is clear-cut, and the result of that issue means life or death to every union in Silver Bow County."

It is difficult for the miners to understand why neither this backing of their strike by organized labor nor the substantial reduction in the copper and zinc output was able to call forth more than two open efforts at adjustment by the federal government, both of them inadequate. The first was the sending to Butte of Mr. W. H. Rodgers, of the Labor Department's staff of mediators. Mr. Rodgers had a difficult problem in the determination he found on both sides; but he could offer no more imaginative suggestion than for the miners to return to work and ask for federal assistance afterwards. The second effort of the government to adjust matters was the raid of week before last made upon "I. W. W. headquarters." Whatever this sudden stroke accomplished in other cities, or in other quarters of Butte, so far as the Butte strikers themselves were concerned it resulted only in a seizure by government officials of material which the strikers had for twelve weeks been trying to stuff down the government's throat.

For, far from shrinking before a federal investigation, the miners' union has tried to egg the federal authorities on to one. In the first week of their strike the miners sent a telegram to the Secretary of Labor, requesting immediately "a federal investigation in regard to the present labor trouble in Butte," and it was this request, rather than any government initiative, which led to the attempted mediation of Mr. Rodgers. A week later the strikers' committee declared its willingness to open its books on the corner of Main and Park Streets, and compare them with the companies' records. It was such material as this which the strikers declared that they "intended to carry to Washington," and which was carried there, ultimately, by the government's secret service

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agents. Again, on the 3rd of July, a mass meeting of the strikers petitioned the government to assume immediate "control and management of the mines in Butte, so that the miners could give prompt and practical evidence of their patriotism at this critical juncture." Through all the issues of the strikers' Bulletin there runs the slogan that the strike must be kept going until the government takes a responsible interest in it.

There are rumors in Butte of some form of temporary agreement that may be reached before long. Coke has been ordered, the men say; some of the horses have been returned underground. But whatever compromise is made, now or later on, ultimately the companies will be called upon to recognize the right of their workmen to organize, and, whether their present leaders are patriots or conspirators, it is for that right that the miners themselves are now struggling. To sensationalize about the I. W. W. and its German friendship is to obscure a very real social evil, and to misrepresent a courageous attempt to put control of industry on a more democratic basis.

CHARLES MERZ.

A Presidential Aspirant

HE is aiming his bolt at the Presidency, but this no one suspects except the three of us who know it: his wife, himself and myself. Were I perfidiously to reveal his identity you would cry "Absurd! That man President? Never in the world!" And by the very violence of your abhorrence you would prove that his case is not altogether forlorn. You have heard of him; you have formed some estimate of his calibre. There are some ten million of our fellow citizens who cannot tell their right hands from their left, but practically all the rest know at least the name of the aspirant. Consider how few there are who fall into the class of universal notoriety. From this small class the next President will doubtless be chosen. The lightning must strike somewhere in this small circle of tops, some bare and already blasted, others green and apparently unconscious of their danger. And of almost any of them you would cry with equal energy "That man! Never in the world!"

What are this man's qualifications for the Presidency, you demand. He is a man of average ability, of blameless record, private and political. But let us not linger now over qualifications; they can be made up according to requirements when the campaign is on. Though, to be entirely frank, I may admit that the aspirant's qualifications, absolutely considered, are not equal to those of another man I know, Mr. Oudén. But you have never heard of Mr. Oudén, and this fact cancels all other qualifications he may possess. To be universally known—this is after all the primary qualification for the greatest race in the world.

There are to be sure men whose names have become household words who yet cannot possibly attain exalted office. Charlie Chaplin will never be President. He has made too many persons laugh. The aspirant I am describing has never made anyone laugh. It is impossible to laugh at him. He is always dignified, almost austere. It is equally impossible to laugh with him. In his public addresses there is not the least hint of humor. All his effects he attains by the soberest and most virtuous of methods: deliberate and weighty confessions of the common faith; workmanlike reminting of the common knowledge; judicial adaptations of the common error. Even in private conversation he avoids turns of expression that may seem lively. "Lincoln got away with it," he admits. "But we have made a great advance in culture and in political seriousness since Lincoln's time." With me, as this quotation indicates, he is likely to be somewhat careless. That is one reason why his wife detests me. I drag him down, she asserts.

It is a good rule not to write about a lady who dislikes you. But it is necessary to describe this lady, who may yet play an important part in our history. She is neither new fashioned nor old fashioned; only eternal. She is neither suffragist nor anti-suffragist; the whole question of the vote falls outside of her technique of living. Her attention visibly wanders when such matters as the economic independence of women are under discussion. She is a graven image toward the traditional small interests of women. Shallow observers call her passive; but watch her narrowly and you will be convinced that behind her broad brow and wide open eyes rests a resolute, ruthless purpose. She means to do great things in the world, using her husband as her instrument. Perhaps at first she regarded him in the light of an active agent of her purposes, or even a partner in them. But it wasn't long after their marriage, some twenty years ago, when I first noticed that he sometimes behaved mechanically, as if some one behind him were pulling the strings. He was being reduced to the rank of mere instrument. Now he always behaves like a piece of machinery with everybody but me. I antedate the lady, you see, and so can sometimes succeed in conjuring him back to his original simple, frank, boastful self.

"Of course, you don't think I'm big enough for the job," he will say, "But tell me, how many of our Presidents were considered big enough for the job six months before the nomination?"

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"There was Taft," I suggest. "Do you remember how you and I boosted for Taft after he came back from the Philippines?"

"No, I don't! You're hardly worth talking to; you never take anything seriously. But now let's run over the possibilities. Who has first chance?"

"How about Mr. M?" I ask innocently.

"Born in Canada," retorts the aspirant triumphantly.

"Oh, well, why not Mr. C?"

"The American people never have taken a President out of the Supreme Court," intones the aspirant. "The Supreme Court must never come to be regarded as a stepping stone. Otherwise that august tribunal will become the sport of politics. Indeed——"

"I agree," I cry. "But there is Senator K. He's very strong in his section, and you can't deny that his section determined the last election."

"True. But only a Democrat could repeat the combination, and he is a Republican. You'll have to try again."

"Very well. Why couldn't Mr. J. manage it? He comes from the right section, he's a Democrat, he is generally considered one of the biggest men in the country——"

"He hasn't a ghost of a chance. The Germans are against him, the Irish, the farmers, Wall street; and even labor is suspicious of him. You must be running out of names. I'll give you a few. There's Governor X. Can he carry his own state? There's Senator M. His opposition to the war would defeat him. Senator L. has played the jingo, and no jingoes need apply. Senator H. stood for the conscription of wealth. Where would he get any money for his campaign? Senator Q. voted against increasing the excess profits tax. Wait till the voters get a chance at him."

"It's hanged if you do, damned if you don't," I remark.

"That's just it. But so far I've been lucky. They haven't a thing on me, as yet."

"No," I admit. "But they haven't a thing on my friend Mr. Oudén either."

"Oudén, Oudén!" The aspirant rises in indignation. "You are always flinging that man Oudén at me. Who is he? I've never seen him. I'll tell you who he is. He's a nobody!"

It will be weeks before the aspirant's wife will let him see me again. She will have found him all dragged down, and that reduces his value as an instrument of her purposes. Sooner or later she will exclude me from his light altogether. She has already expelled most of his friends who knew him when he was just a jolly fellow and a good lawyer, and who cannot readjust their vision to his present glory of potential statesmanship. In their place she has drawn around him such sycophants and men of straw that one trembles for the fate of the Cabinet. Of course he isn't elected yet. But who under the sun will be elected?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Morale of Women

SAID the woman on the platform, "There is no doubt, I think, that the great majority of women are unalterably opposed to war. We have only to listen to the speeches of representative women to realize this." And she went on to say, what I have heard others of her kind say so often since the beginning of this war, that war falls most heavily on women, that it is they who suffer the humiliation of having war made without their consent, that theirs is the endless apprehension in idleness while men have the relief of action, and finally, as a rousing climax, that no woman who has borne her son in agony and tears will voluntarily give him up to die. Whereupon the weaker-minded section of the audience, stampeded by sentimentality, applauded to the echo.

The woman on the platform is known all over the country, and in many countries beside this. She is at the head of many good movements, and her name is on various citizens' committees, but in pleading for immediate peace in the name of womanhood she is doing me and the thousands of women who have a similar point of view a great wrong. The war to us, as to most men, is the immediate duty in hand, the thing that must be settled before the world can resume sane living. And yet the chairman, introducing her, says that she speaks for important women everywhere.

I am growing heartily tired of being represented by atypical members of my sex. We are coming into articulateness after centuries of silence, and it is unfortunate that those women who least truly represent the mass of us are those who have the leisure and opportunity to become ceaselessly vocal. There can be little doubt—let me say it without throwing the customary kindly sop to the unmarried and childless—that the women who are of the greatest importance to the race and to the nation are the mothers. But the mothers, busy in their own service to society, can rarely enter those more extended fields of social service which lead to publicity and the platform. It is our unhappy lot to listen passively while views we could never hold are ascribed to us, while arguments we should never use are being offered in our name, while the delusion is fostered that though the nation is at war the men and women of the

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nation disagree as to the need for fighting and the worth of the cause.

The great trouble with these speakers who so earnestly misrepresent us is that they are wasting their new-found gift of speech on obsolete ideas. Is it possible that anyone believes to-day that this war would be if women as a whole were unalterably opposed to it? Nothing could so quickly and effectively undermine the morale of the country as to have the will of all its women set rigidly against the cause for which its men are fighting. It is absurd to underrate so the sympathy and interdependence of the sexes.

As for the war's humiliation and the unendurable misery of waiting in idleness, those are gone with the past generations. There was a time when a woman's fate in war must have been nearly insupportable, a time when she was only respectworthy as an established housewife and mother, when the economic world held no place for her without loss of caste and self-respect, when to lose her man meant unprotected poverty and wretchedness, or threw her, a more or less kindly tolerated pensioner, into the home of her nearest male relative. But all that is past. Never was the value of a woman's work so truly estimated as it is in this time of war, never was she able to command the respect she may have to-day if she will it so. And as for the healthy woman of this generation who passively waits for news, refusing to vent her surcharged emotions in work, she has only herself to blame.

But it is the telling climax which infuriates me most, that invoking the agony of childbirth to end at once the agony of war. The speaker is not a mother in the flesh, the chairman said, but a mother to all humanity, and so she may answer for all maternity. But she does not. Perhaps there is a unique virtue which comes only with being a mother in the flesh, a fortitude and hardiness that grow slowly through long months of waiting. And if her men must fight she can face it with more courage, perhaps, than the childless, because she has learned that it is possible to endure great discomfort, to look forward to certain agony and, it may be, death, and look steadily since the end is good. She has learned that suffering and pain are not insupportable or degrading, and that after great suffering comes the greatest peace. And so, however great her influence may be—this talk of "giving up" her son is, of course, absurd, since one of the first lessons a mother learns is that her child, however close to her, is a person apart and not hers to give or to withhold—she will hardly dare to rob him of his right to face pain, discouragement, even possible death in his turn, if in his turn he is convinced of the justice of the cause.

Holding these views, I cannot hope to represent the majority of women, or even to speak for all mothers. But at least let it be recorded that there are countless women who believe in our good faith in entering this war, who realize and are honestly grateful that they must share the burden of the war's work and the responsibility for its outcome, and who are not holding the memory of their own pain so sentimentally dear that they would wipe out all pain before the world has earned its right to cease suffering.

DOROTHEA BRANDE.

CORRESPONDENCE

For Russia

SIR: Every Russian born living outside of Russia at this critical time has an eager yearning for plain unalloyed facts; he wishes to know what is really happening there. Unfortunately, there is little possibility of learning, for the main source, the newspapers, have become too subjective to convey any valid impression. At best they can only report events impartially. A "selective draft" of events is misleading.

To appraise an effect justly and to reach a true understanding of the underlying causes, we must have unselected evidence.

But how are we to find out? For a clear perception of the present situation in the interior and the débâcle at the front, we must be able to grasp the full meaning the revolution has for a Russian.

For many decades the Russian has dreamt of liberty, fought for it, given willingly his life for it. When it did come at last, he could not be satisfied with the bare knowledge that it had come, he wished to live the change, drink deep of the cup of freedom.

When our aspirations materialize, they are at first bathed in the glorious light of their parent—the ideal.

To all the nations at war, this war is the great issue. Everything else is irrelevant. In Russia they felt the same, but that was before the revolution. Now they feel emotionally for one thing alone: and do not forget that the Russian has the intense temperament of the east. He cannot have a divided passion. The revolution has crowded every other emotion from his heart. Can any one but a Russian grasp its true significance? The spirit liberated, the soul for ages in the gloom of Dostoyevskian melancholy, suddenly radiant with joyous exaltation.

In this mood men do not wish to kill and die—they want to live and let live!

However, all this is true only of the great masses. The intellectuals, who include the present government, and the bourgeoisie are confronted with other considerations. They are not carried away by the present, they are anxious over the future and strive to live up to their obligations to their allies.

Russia's honor is at stake. They realize that the vital problems which have arisen, are intimately linked with the continuation of the war, with an Allied victory.

They oppose the will of the factions who cry for bread, peace and liberty. The results are disastrous. The very life of new Russia is endangered.

Now we come to the last group, the extremists compris-

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ing the pacifists. Unlike the simple peasant soldier who quits the trenches because he longs for his old simple life, with its "schtzi" and "kasha," "kwas" and "vodka"; the intellectual pacifist passionately loathes war. These men, though in the minority, are to be reckoned with, for they express the will of the majority. To these men the Revolution signifies the death of the old order and the begining of a new life—they feel that Russia has burning, immediate needs, which cannot await a solution until the war is over. There is also the dread of repeating the errors of former revolutions. It is unjust to call them traitors, because they too sincerely believe that they are acting for the fatherland's welfare. It is quite likely that German agents have found their way into this group, just as formerly spies of the government, posing as nihilists, managed to get into the most secret revolutionary circles; but to stamp them all as traitors and German agents is absurd. Because of the obvious benefits to Russia's enemies, this form of patriotism has fallen into disrepute. Anything that hampers the successful pursuit of the war is called treason. We are jealous of any issues save those which are connected with the war. Now in Russia suddenly appeared a new issue, to the peo- of even greater importance than the war. There was bound to be a clash between the war issue and the new one, though now the attempt is being made to fuse the two. Whether this attempt will succeed still remains to be seen.

While this is taking place Russia's allies are grieved and concerned. The disappointment in the Russian débâcle at the front is due to the prevalent misconception of Russia.

When the war broke out, the alliance seemed quite perfect. England and France were to be the controlling mind and nerves, whilst huge Russia was to furnish the powerful muscles.

And then suddenly this body collapsed and instead a spirit emerged trying to make itself heard amidst the roar of guns and the hate-filled war cries of a world in a death grapple. This frail, newborn spirit, keenly sensitive to the forces and unspeakable horrors which have given it its birth, is vainly beating its wings against the most damning testimonial of the old order. New Russia is willing to forego her own aspiration of aggrandizement, and absolves her allies of all pledges. When this spirit cries, we should listen sympathetically and not censure or cry "treason."

MAURICE STERNE.

Croton-on-Hudson.

Lajpat Rai on India

SIR: May I reply briefly to Mr. Lajpat Rai's comments in your issue of July 14th on my references to India in my article in your issue of June 30th.

1. He states that "in the War Cabinet, as distinguished from the Imperial Conference, India was represented only by the Secretary of State." This was not the case. The four representatives of India took part in the proceedings of both gatherings on the same terms. Technically speaking, the three gentlemen from India were present in both gatherings as advisers of the Secretary of State; but in practice this distinction was not observed and they were as free to express their opinions as any other member of the Cabinet or the Conference. They have themselves testified on repeated occasions to the perfect equality which prevailed at the meetings.

2. Mr. Lajpat Rai is of course right in reminding your readers that the three representatives from India were nominated by the existing government of India rather than by a government responsible to an elected body representing the people of India as a whole. I did not think it necessary to stress this point as it will be common knowledge to readers of The New Republic that, in the present stage of the development of Indian government and education, no such body is in existence. With Mr. Lajpat Rai I look forward to the fullest development of representative government in India.

3. Mr. Lajpat Rai disputes the statement that Bikanir is one of the most progressive states in India. It is certainly well up in the list.

4. He denies that Sir James Meston is an official of liberal sympathies. I am afraid I must disagree with him on this point.

5. This is the only point on which I am indebted to Mr. Lajpat Rai for a correction. Sir S. P. Sinha is not now a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. He held that post from 1909 to 1910, and is now, as Mr. Lajpat Rai says, a member of the Bengal Governor's Executive Council.

Into the general questions dealt with at the close of Mr. Lajpat Rai's letter I do not wish to enter, as they are beyond the scope of my article. He is quite right in pointing out that the problem of the internal government of India is quite distinct from the problem of India's share in the government of the British Commonwealth and that no improvement in the status of India in the latter sphere is in any way a substitute for developments in the former, At the same time the participation of Indians in the affairs common to the whole British Commonwealth must obviously have its effect on the internal constitutional development of India.

London. ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler

SIR: Mr. Ellis Parker Butler warns me that if I do not make sure of my facts before attacking any Americans I may be thought "one of that group of pro-German Irish who are, to my mind, entirely anti-American at the moment." Why can't the Vigilantes get the threat out of their voice. "I have never heard of Mr. Colum complaining because Irish intellectuals united with Sinn Fein, as they had a perfect right to do unless they did so to stir up sedition." I should like to comment on this sentence, if I knew what Mr. Ellis Parker Butler wishes to convey. If he means that I stood up for the Irish intellectuals who were the leaders of a movement to establish an Irish republic he makes no point of inconsistency against me. These men were not writing down to the level of the newspaper, they were expressing in prose and poetry and in heroic action a thought which it will take generations of Irish people to realize.

"I feel in my bones," writes Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, "that if the Vigilantes happened to be a combination of intellectuals created to write for a free Ireland, or to spread insidious pro-German propaganda in America, you would not have a peep from Mr. Colum." You should not think from a feeling in your bones, Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, it leads to confusion of thought. "To write for a free Ireland," and "to spread insidious pro-German propaganda in America" are two separate and distinct things. Certainly, if the Vigilantes wrote for a free Ireland they would have more than a peep from me, they would have a huzza. For to write in favor of that which the great interests of the world are against is what I conceive to be the duty and the privilege of the intellectual.

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In that he has his proper expression. As to spreading insidious pro-German propaganda in America, well, that is the business of insidious people—I know even less about them than does Mr. Ellis Parker Butler.

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler talks glibly about a group of Irish who are to his mind anti-American at the moment. I have never known Irish people who were anti-American. If the Vigilantes have discovered such a group, would it not be worth while to try and influence them? The Vigilantes, in that case, would have all the assistance I could render. PADRAIC COLUM.

New York City.

A Plea for Intolerance

SIR: Your editorial about the so-called People's Peace Council says that the treatment vouchsafed this proposed convention by state governors and newspapers has been incredibly and hopelessly intolerant and that Americans will look with shame upon their record in this respect. I disagree with you altogether as to this. I believe we have been altogether too tolerant with these people and those of their ilk. If mob rule is needed to cope with our enemy within, which, in many aspects of the case, is more dangerous than our open enemy, for heaven's sake let us invoke it. The rights and privileges granted to individuals during times of peace must be maintained, and to see that the guaranties in that regard are carried out without fail, we must make it plain that in time of war all such rights and privileges are subject to withdrawal without notice. Therefore intolerance—even incredible and hopeless though it may have to be—is necessary in time of war, and I believe you will agree with me that when we are out to win in a crisis such as now confronts us, such intolerance as may be necessary is entirely justifiable.

FRANCIS L. MOFFETT.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The College and the War

SIR: Lest some should take too rosy a view of how our colleges have been inspiring their students with that lofty idealism which has characterized our entrance into the European conflict, I should like to recount briefly how the war came to the small middle western college where I taught.

It was not untypical of the American small college. In recruiting its students, it relied almost entirely upon the advertising given by its ever-victorious athletic teams, and by the fact that it was non-coeducational. The President, who naturally gave the tone to the whole war propaganda, was himself a hyphenate; he was born in Canada, of Scotch ancestry, and his friends frequently excused the more rabid utterances which he made long before war was declared by saying that he had temporarily forgotten that he was an American citizen.

What intellectual preparation for understanding the conflict had the college given in its class-rooms? Very little, so far as I could see. This preparation would have fallen to the departments of the social sciences, but as these are rather new fields, they are lamentably underdeveloped in our small colleges. Only three courses in history were offered: the general "freshman" course in European history from Caesar to the present day, in which the last two or three weeks are devoted to the nineteenth century; a general survey of American history; and a survey of English constitutional history. The first two courses were of a quality that would be given in a good high school; only seven or eight persons took the advanced course. I believe that there was also a "seminar" in United States history, taken by two or three seniors. Instruction in economics was more advanced and more popular, but naturally this could not aid an understanding of the war so much as a good course in modern history could have done. No instruction whatsoever was offered in sociology or political science; I doubt very much whether any one there could give a coherent, much less an accurate description of the German government, whose destruction they so loudly demanded, or of the French or Swiss governments which they so admired. The instruction in modern languages might have helped matters somewhat, but I do not think it did. In my own classes I sometimes tried to speak of the customs and institutions of France, but except in one section, no students betrayed the slightest interest in such things, so I soon stopped. At the end of the year, one "A" student in the exceptional section told me that he had studied German for several years in college, but knew no more of Germany now than he had before.

Though no attempt was made in the class-rooms to enable the students to think intelligently in regard to this world struggle, it was different in the daily chapel service. Here the President made a consistent effort to impress the moral aspects of the war upon the students. He did this by little speeches such as the following: "Bismarck was the greatest liar the human race ever produced. When he was about to make war against France in 1870, he received a telegram which would have prevented it. But he merely put this in his pocket, and went ahead and declared war anyhow." A week later he said, "Everybody knows that Bethmann-Hollweg is the biggest liar since Talleyrand." But the crowning example of these talks was given the morning after the publication of the Zimmermann note to Mexico. "War is now certain," he said, "and this means not only war with Germany, but also with Mexico and probably with Japan. The Japanese diplomats of course deny that they have anything to do with this plot, but no one can tell whether to believe them or not. All diplomats are liars; that's their business. And I want to say right now that when we do have war, we are going to nail up the doors of the college. We won't want you fellows here, and we won't have you; we will want you all in the first line trenches!"

And finally in regard to the students in the training camps. The delegation from our college was especially large; it included nearly a third of all the students. One-half of the remainder went to work on farms, so that after May 1st, there were less than one hundred students in college. Of course the reasons for which men left differed. Many of those who went to farms, merely went home, arguing, "We are going to get our credits anyhow, so why stay here and work?" Others were really needed at home. I am sure that many were afraid of the draft, and others afraid to stay in college after so many had gone. Many went to the training camps out of elementary patriotism: "Our country is at war, so we must go," they said. Others said, "It will be a wonderful experience, so why not take a chance?" But I sincerely believe that there were relatively few who were inspired by a heartfelt desire to "make the world safe for democracy."

J. W. SWAIN.

Helena, Montana.

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Books and Things

IT is more than a hundred years since Hazlitt half-whimsically complained of the rage for new books, and certainly the taste has shown no decline since he wrote. Yet it has become very necessary to make protest against it. The real booklover does not ask for novelty. It is not necessary for him to be up to date. He is satisfied to amble delicately through the ages, picking here, sampling there until, in celebration of his seventieth birthday, he may taste in memory the triumphs of Sir Walter Scott. Why should he see his own age mirrored in a book when he can see it in action in the streets and cafés? What profit to read of Mr. Roosevelt when he can read of Gustavus Adolphus, or of Kerensky when he has not yet adventured Alcibiades?

The truth is that we are seized by a rage for modernity. Everyone wants to have information and in an introspective age we require information about ourselves. So the booklover searches not wisdom, but to-day's wisdom, not beauty, but news of the latest picture. I have seen positive competition for a copy of Mr. Wells' New Machiavelli on Fifty-Ninth Street; while the Prince itself—quite as good a book—moulders miserably on the shelf. Booksellers already begin to make prices on Conrad and Arnold Bennett and Hugh Walpole—and you can get Maria Edgeworth and the quaintly expurgated Balzac of Miss Walmsley for a song. The cause, I suppose, is the antiquity of the absolute. What is classically good is too old to interest us. We follow the modern God relativity, and the standard is what immediately touches ourselves.

The result is that we greatly exaggerate novelty. We miss the real breath of adventure which is the discovery of origins. We are so busy reading what Mrs. Chapman Catt has to say on women's suffrage, that the far more radical pronouncements of that arch-feminist Peter Dubois, dead now some five hundred years, escape us. Yet poor Peter had it all in him; and he trusted to women to secure the triumph of Christianity. Or think of reading the pamphlets of the League to Enforce Peace when you can study Nicholas of Cusa—a great cardinal at that—on world-federation in the fifteenth century. And if you are lucky enough to find a copy of his book the probability is that your copy (like my own) will have been bound by Roger Payne, greatest of English binders, and link you to some great booklover of a hundred years ago.

No one, in fact, really loves books who does not love old books. The real joy comes when you are in some musty cellar turning over badly-printed pamphlets of the seventeenth century. You think of what Ingram Bywater must have felt when he suddenly hit upon a copy of Melancthon's De Anima, with Rabelais' signature on the title page. Of course you can buy these things anywhere; Hoe and Huth and Huntington have had the world ransacked for them. But it is not the real love of books until you hunt for them yourself. It is not the real love of books until you try to find some volume to fill up a gap in your library that means all the world to you. Then the joy of the chase, the excitement of getting on the scent, the superb thrill of ultimate discovery will amply reward you. That way only lies the true path to the booklover's paradise.

The truth is that the modern bookbuyer is tragically spoiled by the bookseller. All the books are classified for him. Every bookseller knows just what the reviewer has said about the book. Often enough a flaunting cover will lure you with an attractive summary of its contents. The bookseller can urge you to get Miss Underhill's last volume on Mysticism, or Mr. Wells' very latest novel and you are helpless against his determination to make you up to date. The only real way to guard against that is to make a steadfast rule only to read old books. It oughtn't to matter to you that Duguit is the last word in politics, that Mr. Wells has found God, or that Chapman, as Mr. Robertson has just shown, really wrote Shakespeare, and not Bacon or Greene as so many of us had thought. The debating-society at Eton has a very good rule not to debate any subject later than 1689. Of course that still leaves room for much passionate controversy.

Or you can confine your books entirely to a single subject on which nothing new will ever come out. A man left to Harvard University the other day an entire library on angling. It began with Izaak Walton and it stopped short at that great day when an English publisher inaugurated the Fur, Feather and Fin series. I knew a man who collected books on early firearms. Freemasonry is a good subject, though many of the books are nonsense and large numbers are unintelligible. There used to be a great London doctor who collected nothing but copies of Martin Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. That is, perhaps, a reprehensibly cheap way of building up a library; but it showed a certain aristocracy of refinement.

No one who has not experimented knows the real relief of this determination. At a dinner, for instance, it is extraordinarily useful. "Have you read Mr. Galsworthy's Beyond?" "Madam, I read no book published after 1837." Of course, she is interested at once and murmurs to her other neighbor that you are so original. In the days when democracy was still a foible you could have got a seat in Parliament from a peer like Disraeli's Monmouth—gratified by the possibility of a new whim. And the taste has the greater justification since it has become essential to be original if you want to make a living without work. The people who really labor are those who tread in beaten paths; think of something new and you become Pistol to the world's oyster. And this experiment in novelty takes you back to antiquity so that you do not lose your perspective.

And, after all, from the greatest pain in the world the reading of old books will bring release. This is the age of specialism and everyone applies himself vigorously to a very tiny field. There are people who know everything about the theory of economic value, or the origin of parliament, or the ablative absolute in Virgil. They continually write about these things and no one can keep pace with them. The most pathetic thing in the world is a scholar trying to keep up with his subject. That is why there is such insistent demand by foreign scholars for a periodical room at the British Museum. If they are three months away from Harvard or Berlin without the latest magazines they get entirely out of date; and, as they can prove to you, English scholars are all out of date. I remember one distinguished scholar who complained that Mr. Graham Wallas did not know an entire series of German publications; and he was not mortified by the admitted fact that Mr. Wallas' work had not thereby suffered. Clearly, the reading of old books guards you against this danger. If you deliberately shut out the entirely exotic problems of the immediate present, you are left with the eternal problems of the undying past. When Pilate lightly tossed off his scepticism about truth he was merely being up-to-date; if he had read the old books he would have known it was the only question worth answering.

H. J. L.

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Espousing God

The Soul of a Bishop, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

MR. WELLS has made a supreme effort to translate through this bishop of his a genuine religious upheaval. As befits his own recent avowal of religious conviction, his bishop is not taken satirically or egregiously. He is a regular English bishop thought out and felt out, one with a ring and purple episcopal pyjamas, with five daughters and Lady Ella, a bishop who sneaks off with his neurasthenia to the twilight garden to smoke a forbidden cigarette—true churchman thick with idiosyncrasy and rich with local color who is the very bull's eye of that orthodoxy which Mr. Wells is out to hit.

It is a fascinating performance. Scrope is probably the most elaborate extra-personal characterization in Mr. Wells's highly personal fiction. But documented and authenticated as the man is, there is a thinness about his spirit that is ghostly, and the emphasis on God in him is like the ardent clasping at a wraith. He is insubstantial in humanity, principally because the substance of the novel—the escape from the torpor of the established church to a personal non-institutional God—is the product of a mind that in critical vigor appears to be at ebb-tide.

In one aspect the agility of Mr. Wells is astounding, his receptivity is a bewilderment. He has an extensiveness of experience, and a nimbleness of mind to accompany that extensiveness, that makes the ordinary human being feel like a lump of clay. Where you or I would hesitate out of that caution which is partly calculation, partly habit, partly consistency, Mr. Wells plunges in with a whoop and a flourish, and then, free in a new milieu, procures whatever justification is to be had. Whether it is God that his hero is embracing, or only a mistress, there is the same precipitation, the same ratification later on. For always Mr. Wells has the same masterly opinionativeness. A born pamphleteer, he has the most effective of all the persuasions that go to make partisanship dangerous—he is convinced that beyond everything else he is intellectually honest and hard and clear. On his lips there is the shibboleth "modern," as if fashion were a clue to rightness; and, conceiving the larger part of sincerity to be obedience to immediate conviction, Mr. Wells is never at a loss for sincerity because convictions are his stock in trade.

But in some matters, particularly in this matter of religion, one questions the attitude of a writer who develops strong convictions too readily. There is too much about the architecture of Mr. Wells's convictions that reminds one of the bright expediency of a World's Fair. He produces his palaces over-night. They cometh up as the flowers. They glisten in fresh splendor in the face of a gratified sun. But they have no sewerage. They are not rain-proof. They stand wind and weather very badly. And as soon as the particular show for which they were erected is over, they have to be blown up with dynamite and cleared away. A quickness in arriving at convictions is an admirable thing. It is indispensable to men of action. But the sense of responsibility that keeps a man of thought from simulating the effectiveness of a man of action is not all conservatism, not all academic pokiness. Part of it is a realization that in the realm of ideas the premium ought to be put on genuine sincerity—not merely the utterance of conviction but the testing of it, the contract carried out as well as the contract rosily signed.

In regard to sex we now know precisely how Mr. Wells feels about untested relationships. "Only after years can one be sure of it"; he says of quasi-sacramental union, "it is not brought about by vows and promises but by an essential kindred and cleaving of body and spirit." And again, "It is difficult to imagine how the association of lovers and friends can be very fine and close and good unless the two who love are each also linked to God, so that through their moods and fluctuations and the changes of years they can be held steadfast by his undying steadfastness." Yet this argument as to the validity of conviction is the last one proposed or encountered in the flop that Mr. Wells makes into religion. He just flops, and no sooner does he attain religious beliefs than he declares them, and no sooner does he declare them in a short treatise on God than he produces a novel dramatizing these beliefs in the history of a personality. It is not a new process with him. Every great experience of his life has induced a convulsion in his ideas, and every convulsion a dramatization. This does not mean that he is slavishly autobiographical. It simply means that, conveniently enough, Mr. Wells is a thinker in relation to his experiencings, and that it satisfies him to embody in a story the immediate reality that has suddenly, oh so suddenly, dawned on him.

The Soul of a Bishop should, of course, be read first of all as a story—for its development of a distinctive character. The man who writes the novel is still the Mr. Wells who reads newspapers omnivorously and whose swarming, inchoate, multi-national world is largely the world of jostling headlines and competitive news. But in spite of the "vision" that serves to shake out these divers pepper-pot allusions, the story is much more concentrated and unified than usual, the theme being the bishop's struggle through the debility of impossible compromises to an understanding that "man's true environment is God." Much of that struggle is an adaptation of God the Invisible King. The religion at which the ex-bishop arrives is the religion at which Mr. Wells arrived a little previously, only the course that the bishop takes is suggestive of every dubious element in contemporary sacerdotalism. The theme is handled by Mr. Wells like a virtuoso. It gives him a chance to open out the heart of the episcopate, to show the silliness that masquerades in perfumed religiosity, the amusing and contemptible compromises of a monarchical church. It also allows him to dramatize conversion in a series of magnificent visions induced by a strange medicine, in which there is actually a touch of ecstasy. An angel appears, "a figure of great strength and beauty, with a smiling face and kindly eyes," and the bishop has the courage to speak to him.

"'I want,' he said 'to know about God.

"'I want,' he said, with a deepening passion of the soul, 'to know about God. Slowly through four years I have been awakening to the need of God. Body and soul I am sick for the want of God and the knowledge of God. I did not know what was the matter with me, why my life had become so disordered and confused that my very appetites and habits are all astray. But I am perishing for God as a waterless man upon a raft perishes for drink, and there is nothing but madness if I touch the seas about me. Not only in my thoughts but in my under thoughts and in my nerves and bones and arteries I have need of God. You see I grew up in the delusion that I knew God. I did not know that I was unprovisioned and unprovided against the tests and strains and hardships of life. I thought that I was secure and safe.'" It is the church, the creed, that have estranged him from his religion, made him throw out the Savior with the orthodoxy.

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"'*And the truth?*' said the bishop in an eager whisper. 'You can tell me the truth.'

"The Angel's answer was a gross familiarity. He thrust his hand through the bishop's hair and ruffled it affectionately, and rested for a moment holding the bishop's cranium in his great palm.

"'But can this hold it?' he said.

"'Not with this little box of brains,' said the Angel. 'You could as soon make a meal of the stars and pack them into your belly. You haven't the things to do it with inside *this*.'

"He gave the bishop's head a little shake and relinquished it.

"He began to argue as an elder brother might.

"'Isn't it enough for you to know something of the God that comes down to the human scale, who has been born on your planet and arisen out of Man, who is Man and God, your leader? He's more than enough to fill your mind and use up every faculty of your being. He is courage, he is adventure, he is the King, he fights for you and with you against death.'

"'And he is not infinite? He is not the Creator?' asked the bishop.

"'So far as you are concerned, no,' said the Angel.

"'So far as I am concerned?'

"'What have *you* to do with creation?'"

Which is quite a retort, but if "this little box of brains" is incompetent, then why *isn't* God a Creator and why isn't the creed everything the bishops say it is? If one is going to surrender one's intelligence, why not to a Pope or to the dictator of a creed?

"Our country is at war and half mankind is at war; death and destruction trample through the world; men rot and die by the million, food diminishes and fails, there is a wasting away of all the hoarded resources; of all the accumulated well-being of mankind; and there is no clear prospect yet of any end to this enormous and frightful conflict. Why did it ever arise? What made it possible? It arose because men had forgotten God. It was possible because they worshipped simulacra, were loyal to phantoms of race and empire, permitted themselves to be ruled and misled by idiot princes and usurper kings. Their minds were turned from God, who alone can rule and unite mankind, and so they have passed from the glare and follies of those former years into the darkness and anguish of the present day." It is easy to imagine that thousands of people will like the tenor of this sermon by the bishop. With its ample answer to poignant questioning Mr. Wells will reach the layer of readers that used to be Harold Bell Wright's, Marie Corelli's, perhaps Hall Caine's. But it will be for the solace in his words, not their exemplification of a bishop's intelligence, that these passages will most be appreciated.

No one writing in English today compares with H. G. Wells as a novelist of ideas. As a story-teller he is extraordinarily vibrant and effective, and he can no more get on without conclusive ideas in a fresh situation than a man can get on without a skin. But in this instance, for the proper enjoyment of The Soul of a Bishop, it is necessary to differentiate between the book's contribution to ideas and its contribution to art. The bishop is a bleak creature, largely because Mr. Wells invented him to fulfil a fictional purpose. Characterized with amazing cleverness, he is still essentially a bobbin on whom the religious thread is wound. The cordiality, the rushing sympathy and kindness and fellowship that religious men in Russian novels express in every relation, have no place in this egoist's religious escape from neurasthenia. The bishop is sincere in seeking an explanation of the universe, but it is an explanation that is to give courage and youth and adventure, the attributes of the self-concerned man. Moving from this to the ideas that the book presents, there is a frank wonder on my own part that Mr. Wells can take with such seriousness so monarchical and regimental a God. For a man who has always had a goading ideal of self-discipline this is a natural enough God to manufacture, eminently a God of service and efficiency, but he is a curiously local and immediate and personal evocation, heavily mortgaged to the present kind of world. If one is going to have a God, why not step outside the diocesan habits of mankind? What led Mr. Wells to suppose that contemporary religion has anything whatever to say about the purposes or destinies of mankind? In his vertical ascent in English society Mr. Wells has come unprepared on the establishment of bishops. He has given the idea of them too much significance. Whatever way the meaning of life lies, it probably does not lie God-ward, and it is difficult to be entirely respectful of Mr. Wells's latest impetuous and incontinent adventure.

F. H.

A Little Too Dark

A Political History of Japan During the Meija Period, 1867-1912, by W. W. McLaren, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

THE principal facts which make up the history of a nation during a particular period of its life are the same, though their selection and tabulation and the method of their presentation differ according to the purpose, or purposes, which each writer sets before himself in the preparation of his volume. This is more particularly true of the history of modern times. The facts of modern life, all the world over, are so well known that a new book on the history of a modern nation hardly ever brings to light any new facts not related in every other book on the subject. Yet the growth of historical literature continues unchecked, and now and then one comes across a book in which the writer's method of presentation makes even a repetition of the same facts look interesting. Most of these books, however, partake of the nature of special pleading. To the critical reader and the scholar even these are of some value; but for the ordinary lay reader they possess an element of danger. This danger becomes accentuated when historical facts are used for the purpose of propaganda and the book is called a history.

Much of the prevailing misunderstanding in international affairs is due to such books and the responsibility which rests on their writers is great indeed. What the world just now wants, and wants very badly, is a spirit of international friendship, an understanding born of appreciation and sympathy, rather than such interpretation of the facts of history as is likely to make the nation whose history is being dealt with look contemptible in the eyes of the rest of the world. A true historian must state the facts as he knows them, but what he can and should avoid is undue coloring and magnifying of them. America and Japan, at the present moment, are in such a frame of mind that no writer of a book on Japan can be too careful in discussing the faults and shortcomings of the Japanese.

In the book under notice the author has endeavored to give as complete and comprehensive a collection of facts

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relating to the political developments in Japan within the last fifty years as it was possible for a foreigner to do. It is also obvious that he has tried to be impartial and truthful. Yet the impression left on one's mind after finishing the volume is that throughout his handling of the subject, he has been unsympathetic and bent on magnifying the dark side of the political life of Japan. Great emphasis is laid on the "venality" of Japanese public life, on the "peculations" of the official bureaucracy, and the "almost universal corruptibility of the Cabinet and the Diet." But Mr. McLaren finds a justification for this in the writings of influential Japanese themselves. He forgets that zealous reformers generally do the same thing in every country. A national critic aiming at change and reform is prone to paint native vices very dark. He strikes hard in order to drive fast. Yet he does not mean to be taken at his word by the foreign critic and historian. It would be hard on America and American life if one were to compile an American history based solely or principally on the utterings of her own native critics, quoted for example from the files of the socialistic papers.

Mr. McLaren's principal complaint against the Japanese, which has a substratum of truth in it, is that so far they have sacrificed domestic reform at the altar of expansion abroad and that they have established national ideals in which he sees the spirit of German militarism. He does not, however, notice the Japanese explanation of their conduct. What jars on his ears is the "cult of Japan's destiny as the ruler of Asia, if not of the whole world," which finds expression in the Japanese claim to be "the nation which has the responsibility of instructing and teaching the rest of the world." To an impartial student of the psychology of nations, however, it looks as though this preposterous claim is only an echo of what is involved in the Westerners' own slogan known as "the white man's burden." The Asiatics have no sympathy with Japan's ultra-imperial ambitions, but they fail to trace any marks of sincerity in the criticism of those who are not prepared to check the expansion of European imperialism and European capitalism. The only way effectively to stop the "Nibbling of China" is the international guaranty of China's independence, territorially, politically and economically. Its division into "spheres of influence" is the surest way to entangle it in all sorts of international complications. Until these so-called spheres of influence are abolished Japan may well retort by asking the European critic to look to the beam in his own eye.

LAJPAT RAI.

Recent Publications

The Latin at War, by Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

IN a sense, every writer has grown up with the war. Mr. Philip Gibbs sends daily news dispatches to London and New York from close behind the British front. It is straightforward, unpadded narrative, yet by a curious dark symbolism, unmistakable although too tightly interwoven with the "story" to rouse the ire of any city editor, he contrives to adumbrate the horror of his own sensitive nature at the daily toll of young life. He employs strange metaphors such as "the fruit of many weeks' preparation" or "the slow maturing leaves of autumn battle ripened on these blood-soaked, sunny slopes." A quality of permanent recoil creeps into everything he writes. On the other hand, technical writers like Mr. Stanley Washburn have developed an extraordinary flexibility in their treatment of large-scale military movements, while Mr. Frank Simonds, with a professional interest in the game of warfare, can vivify even minor tactics. Many of the closer observers, in a kind of despair at discovering any adequate literary method, content themselves with a realism of mere record, which in many cases, notably that of Barbusse, has become more eloquent than an apparently deliberate selection and arrangement. Mr. Irwin employs a homelier idiom. He does not flinch from portraying events that no graciousness of style can make palatable, but he does not pretend to have abandoned all literary tricks, although the impact of the war, with him as with all others, has made decorative adjectives and rhetorical fine passages seem an impertinence. He has remained fundamentally American and naïve and curious to know what the whole thing means in human values to everyday men and women. He is not the professional war correspondent, and has not yet had the distinction of sending one of those spectacularly indiscreet dispatches that now and then have made the different foreign offices issue memoranda and denials that are confessions. But his human values have remained steady—although convinced of the basic justice of the cause of the Allies, he has not maligned the enemy. That is why Mr. Irwin, in spite of his non-probing style, in spite of his description of the appearances instead of the less tangible and darker realities beneath, in spite of his tendency to romanticize the tragedy, yet emerges with admirable sharpness from the host of special writers and magazine correspondents. It explains his wide popularity to-day.

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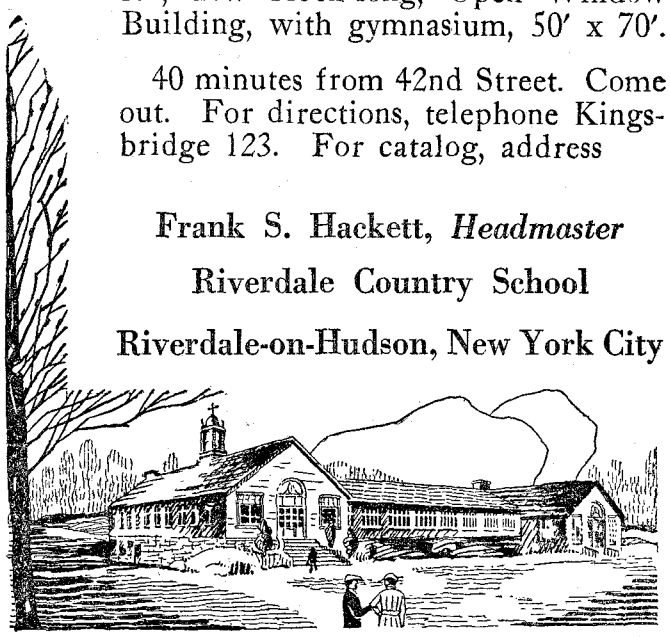

Mr. Irwin's method was successful in his first war book, Men, Women and War. It is still more successful in The Latin at War, where his impressions of the Italian front are shot through with the recollections of great natural beauty. One remembers the picture of shrapnel bursting into greenish-gold bits, like fireflies in the night, near the top branches of the trees of "Devil's Wood" close to Verdun. The devastated region back of the lines with new life and grain creeping close to the trenches has much imaginative veracity under Mr. Irwin's pen. The Isonzo front is shrouded in the glamour of a soft sepia print, for all biting lines of brown trenches winding like snakes across the snow of the Alps. But it is still the human accent which captures; Mr. Irwin has singularly clear perceptions of the numberless human dramas circled about the seemingly most irrelevant episodes. He dedicates his book to the Alpini—"good hosts, perfect comrades, valiant fighters"—and his description of them is engaging. So, too, in his chapter, The Army of Equals, he presents a strikingly illuminating cross-section of French social life. He is alert to record the beauty and wreckage of the war, as it affects the everyday man and woman.

The Secret Witness, by George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

PRESIDENTS and philosophers are always assumed to be voracious readers of detective stories so that we may all flatter ourselves with the amiable fiction that detective stories constitute the highest form of intellectual relaxation. By means of this sort of romantic nonsense we are able to justify our primitive love for an exciting story, such as Mr. Gibbs gives us full measure of in his latest melodrama of the war, The Secret Witness. Against the background of Sarajevo and Vienna and the first few days of the war—an increasingly popular background for many detective story writers—are marshalled the adventures of Hugh Renwick, of the English diplomatic service, and the Bohemian Countess Strahni, in their attempts to warn the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort of the plotted assassination. How they learned of the plot, how they failed to warn the victims in time, how they escaped into Russia even when pursued by the cleverest of Austria's and Germany's secret agents are all unfolded in a technically adroit, plausible and attractively written story of some four hundred pages, guaranteed to keep presidents and philosophers awake long after the curious hour of ten o'clock at which they are oddly enough supposed to retire.

Contributors

to this issue

EUGENE S. BAGGER is associate editor of the Szabadag, a Hungarian newspaper of Cleveland, Ohio.

H. C. WATTS was educated at the University of London, and has written for America and the Knights of Columbus.

DOROTHEA BRANDE is a Chicago contributor.

LAJPAT RAI is a prominent Hindu Nationalist, now in this country.

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